



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

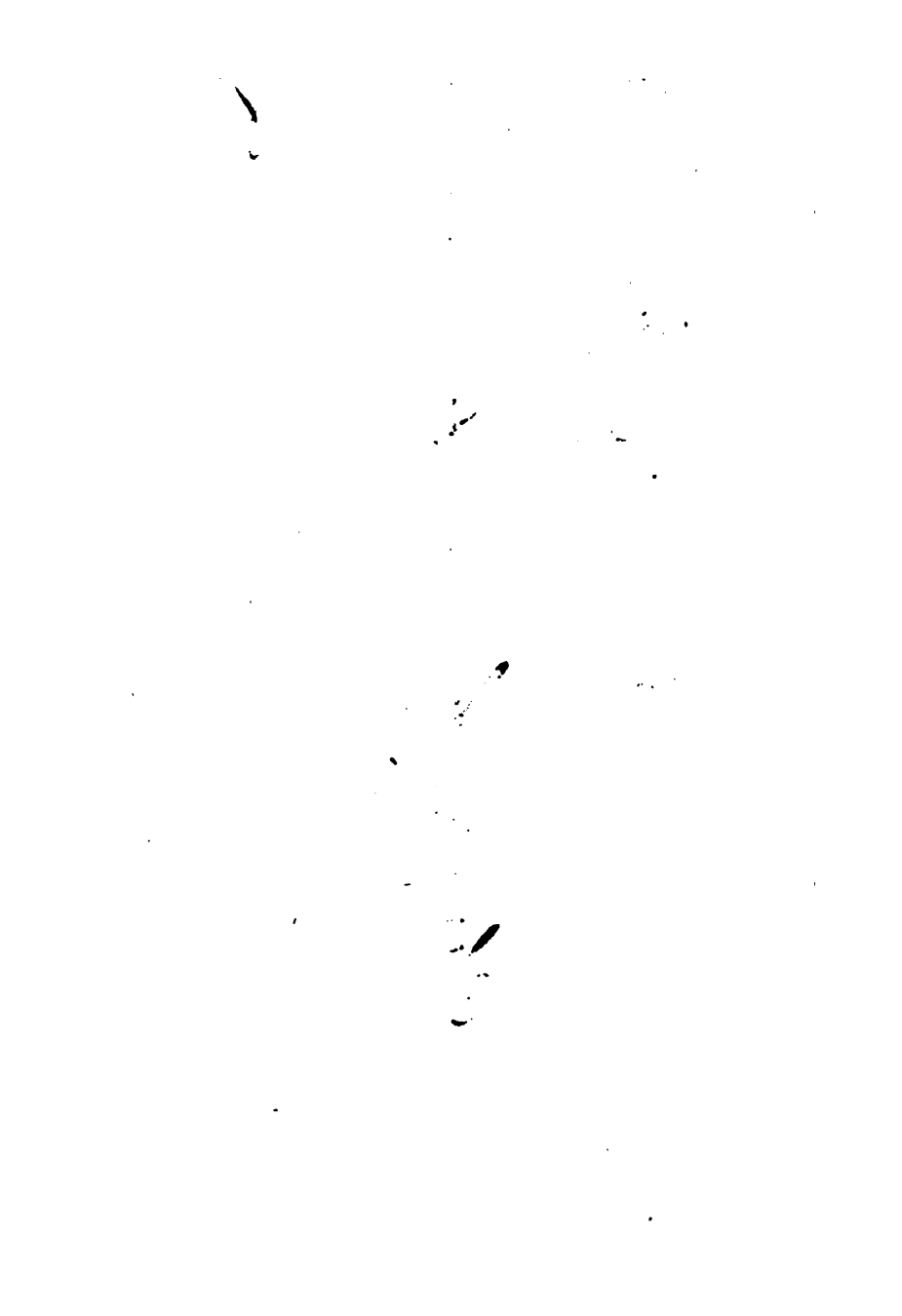
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Table 1. The number of subjects in each age group and the number of subjects who completed the study.

Age group (years)	Number of subjects	Number of subjects completing the study
10-11	10	10
12-13	10	10
14-15	10	10
16-17	10	10
18-19	10	10
20-21	10	10
22-23	10	10
24-25	10	10
26-27	10	10
28-29	10	10
30-31	10	10
32-33	10	10
34-35	10	10
36-37	10	10
38-39	10	10
40-41	10	10
42-43	10	10
44-45	10	10
46-47	10	10
48-49	10	10
50-51	10	10
52-53	10	10
54-55	10	10
56-57	10	10
58-59	10	10
60-61	10	10
62-63	10	10
64-65	10	10
66-67	10	10
68-69	10	10
70-71	10	10
72-73	10	10
74-75	10	10
76-77	10	10
78-79	10	10
80-81	10	10
82-83	10	10
84-85	10	10
86-87	10	10
88-89	10	10
90-91	10	10
92-93	10	10
94-95	10	10
96-97	10	10
98-99	10	10
100-101	10	10
102-103	10	10
104-105	10	10
106-107	10	10
108-109	10	10
110-111	10	10
112-113	10	10
114-115	10	10
116-117	10	10
118-119	10	10
120-121	10	10
122-123	10	10
124-125	10	10
126-127	10	10
128-129	10	10
130-131	10	10
132-133	10	10
134-135	10	10
136-137	10	10
138-139	10	10
140-141	10	10
142-143	10	10
144-145	10	10
146-147	10	10
148-149	10	10
150-151	10	10
152-153	10	10
154-155	10	10
156-157	10	10
158-159	10	10
160-161	10	10
162-163	10	10
164-165	10	10
166-167	10	10
168-169	10	10
170-171	10	10
172-173	10	10
174-175	10	10
176-177	10	10
178-179	10	10
180-181	10	10
182-183	10	10
184-185	10	10
186-187	10	10
188-189	10	10
190-191	10	10
192-193	10	10
194-195	10	10
196-197	10	10
198-199	10	10
200-201	10	10
202-203	10	10
204-205	10	10
206-207	10	10
208-209	10	10
210-211	10	10
212-213	10	10
214-215	10	10
216-217	10	10
218-219	10	10
220-221	10	10
222-223	10	10
224-225	10	10
226-227	10	10
228-229	10	10
230-231	10	10
232-233	10	10
234-235	10	10
236-237	10	10
238-239	10	10
240-241	10	10
242-243	10	10
244-245	10	10
246-247	10	10
248-249	10	10
250-251	10	10
252-253	10	10
254-255	10	10
256-257	10	10
258-259	10	10
260-261	10	10
262-263	10	10
264-265	10	10
266-267	10	10
268-269	10	10
270-271	10	10
272-273	10	10
274-275	10	10
276-277	10	10
278-279	10	10
280-281	10	10
282-283	10	10
284-285	10	10
286-287	10	10
288-289	10	10
290-291	10	10
292-293	10	10
294-295	10	10
296-297	10	10
298-299	10	10
300-301	10	10
302-303	10	10
304-305	10	10
306-307	10	10
308-309	10	10
310-311	10	10
312-313	10	10
314-315	10	10
316-317	10	10
318-319	10	10
320-321	10	10
322-323	10	10
324-325	10	10
326-327	10	10
328-329	10	10
330-331	10	10
332-333	10	10
334-335	10	10
336-337	10	10
338-339	10	10
340-341	10	10
342-343	10	10
344-345	10	10
346-347	10	10
348-349	10	10
350-351	10	10
352-353	10	10
354-355	10	10
356-357	10	10
358-359	10	10
360-361	10	10
362-363	10	10
364-365	10	10
366-367	10	10
368-369	10	10
370-371	10	10
372-373	10	10
374-375	10	10
376-377	10	10
378-379	10	10
380-381	10	10
382-383	10	10
384-385	10	10
386-387	10	10
388-389	10	10
390-391	10	10
392-393	10	10
394-395	10	10
396-397	10	10
398-399	10	10
400-401	10	10
402-403	10	10
404-405	10	10
406-407	10	10
408-409	10	10
410-411	10	10
412-413	10	10
414-415	10	10
416-417	10	10
418-419	10	10
420-421	10	10
422-423	10	10
424-425	10	10
426-427	10	10
428-429	10	10
430-431	10	10
432-433	10	10
434-435	10	10
436-437	10	10
438-439	10	10
440-441	10	10
442-443	10	10
444-445	10	10
446-447	10	10
448-449	10	10
450-451	10	10
452-453	10	10
454-455	10	10
456-457	10	10
458-459	10	10
460-461	10	10
462-463	10	10
464-465	10	10
466-467	10	10
468-469	10	10
470-471	10	10
472-473	10	10
474-475	10	10
476-477	10	10
478-479	10	10
480-481	10	10
482-483	10	10
484-485	10	10
486-487	10	10
488-489	10	10
490-491	10	10
492-493	10	10
494-495	10	10
496-497	10	10
498-499	10	10
500-501	10	10
502-503	10	10
504-505	10	10
506-507	10	10
508-509	10	10
510-511	10	10
512-513	10	10
514-515	10	10
516-517	10	10
518-519	10	10
520-521	10	10
522-523	10	10
524-525	10	10
526-527	10	10
528-529	10	10
530-531	10	10
532-533	10	10
534-535	10	10
536-537	10	10
538-539	10	10
540-541	10	10
542-543	10	10
544-545	10	10
546-547	10	10
548-549	10	10
550-551	10	10
552-553	10	10
554-555	10	10
556-557	10	10
558-559	10	10
560-561	10	10
562-563	10	10
564-565	10	10
566-567	10	10
568-569	10	10
570-571	10	10
572-573	10	10
574-575	10	10
576-577	10	10
578-579	10	10
580-581	10	10
582-583	10	10
584-585	10	10
586-587	10	10
588-589	10	10
590-591	10	10
592-593	10	10
594-595	10	10
596-597	10	10
598-599	10	10
600-601	10	10
602-603	10	10
604-605	10	10
606-607	10	10
608-609	10	10
610-611	10	10
612-613	10	10
614-615	10	10
616-617	10	10
618-619	10	10
620-621	10	10
622-623	10	10
624-625	10	10
626-627	10	10
628-629	10	10
630-631	10	10
632-633	10	10
634-635	10	10
636-637	10	10
638-639	10	10
640-641	10	10
642-643	10	10
644-645	10	10
646-647	10	10
648-649	10	10
650-651	10	10
652-653	10	10
654-655	10	10
656-657	10	10
658-659	10	10
660-661	10	10
662-663	10	10
664-665	10	10
666-667	10	10
668-669	10	10
670-671	10	10
672-673	10	10
674-675	10	10
676-677	10	10
678-679	10	10
680-681	10	10
682-683	10	10
684-685	10	10
686-687	10	10
688-689	10	10
690-691	10	10
692-693	10	10
694-695	10	10
696-697	10	10
698-699	10	10
700-701	10	10
702-703	10	10
704-705	10	10
706-707	10	10
708-709	10	10
710-711	10	10
712-713	10	10
714-715	10	10
716-717	10	10
718-719	10	10
720-721	10	10
722-723	10	10
724-725	10	10
726-727	10	10
728-729	10	10
730-731	10	10
732-733	10	10
734-735	10	10
736-737	10	10
738-739	10	10
740-741	10	10
742-743	10	10
744-745	10	10
746-747	10	10
748-749	10	10
750-751	10	10
752-753	10	10
754-755	10	10
756-757	10	10
758-759	10	10
760-761	10	10
762-763	10	10
764-765	10	10
766-767	10	10
768-769	10	10
770-771	10	10
772-773	10	10
774-775	10	10
776-777	10	10
778-779	10	10
780-781	10	10
782-783	10	10
784-785	10	10
786-787	10	10
788-789	10	10
790-791	10	10
792-793	10	10
794-795	10	10
796-797	10	10
798-799	10	10
800-801	10	10
802-803	10	10
804-805	10	10
806-807	10	10
808-809	10	10
810-811	10	10
812-813	10	10
814-815	10	10
816-817	10	10
818-819	10	10
820-821	10	10
822-823	10	10
824-825	10	10
826-827	10	10
828-829	10	





CHRISTIAN HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC WORSHIP

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES VINCE.

"Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the heights of Israel."



LONDON:

E. MARLBOROUGH AND Co., 51, OLD BAILEY.

—
1876.

147. 7. 523.

PRINTED BY GEO. JONES AND SON, BIRMINGHAM.

PREFACE.

FOR many years it was the cherished purpose of the late beloved Minister of Graham Street Chapel, to prepare for his Congregation a Selection of Hymns for their use in Public Worship. This task he had nearly completed when, in the autumn of 1874, his hand was stayed, and the work stood still.

But it was soon realized by the Church that, to them at least, this part of their Minister's care for them would now become enhanced in significance and value; and that as he could no longer be seen or heard amongst them, it would be a most befitting bond of union between them and one so singularly beloved, that he should still continue to direct them in the worship of the House of God. Nor could they be unmindful of the many qualifications possessed by him for the service he had undertaken on their behalf. Very rarely indeed has CHRIST been pleased to give to His Church such gifts of strength and beauty as were manifest to all men in Charles Vince. And it was felt, that while these qualities could not but secure for the people under his personal ministry such a selection of hymns from the vast treasures of the Christian Church as would in many respects be unique, they had

PREFACE.

here also some reason to hope for his work both permanence and general usefulness. While, therefore, this Hymn Book is published for the use of the Baptist Congregation assembling in Graham Street Chapel, Birmingham, it is also sent out with the conviction that it has special features of interest worthy of the regard of all who take delight in perfecting this most helpful part of Divine worship; and that, impressed as it is with the sweetness of spirit and catholic-heartedness characteristic of my late friend, its way is open among all, of whatever name, who hold the faith as it is in JESUS in simplicity and in truth.

It should be here observed that throughout the work the Compiler kept steadily in view the selection of hymns for *use* in public worship; the question of text therefore has been held as of secondary consideration, hence the volume is not intended as an authority on this matter. At the same time, and especially with regard to modern hymns, much care has been given to the subject, from a deep sense of what is due to authors, and a strong desire to maintain the integrity of their compositions; while in many instances it has given great pleasure to restore the original reading of old hymns which have suffered from alterations.

It will be seen, also, that while our oldest, and, for many reasons, our ablest hymn writers are well represented in the work, the names

PREFACE.

of very many modern authors occur, some of them quite new in any such selection as this ; at once presenting the more recent method of handling Divine ideas, and giving to old and valued truths a fresh and acceptable complexion. It must have been matter of grave anxiety to select so much that is new, avoiding at the same time so much that is weak, in the hymn-writing of the day.

The tendency to questionable sentiment, especially in hymns expressive of the Divine life in Man or addressed to the Author of that life, has often been dealt with, and needs no protracted notice here, save as it suggests the remark—that while the hymns on Christian life and on the Lord JESUS CHRIST are numerous enough to constitute a special feature of the book, there is no hymn suggestive of unseemliness or feebleness. And it is surely to be hoped that the attempt to express the love of a man to his Redeemer, together with the high experience of a soul under His dominion, in the noblest language, will find wide acceptance.

It is my duty here, and my great pleasure, to render very hearty acknowledgment of the great kindness received from authors and proprietors of copyright. This work has been more difficult in many respects for another to carry through than it would have been for him whose hand gave to it form and tone ; but that hand failed in death, and bequeathed the sorrowful

PREFACE.

responsibility of taking up the unfinished task. True, this has been "a labour of love," but *a labour* none the less; and I am glad to own that it has been rendered immeasurably briefer, and the stress of it less onerous, by the very generous and gracious permission to include their hymns which was most readily accorded by those writers and publishers from whom this favour was sought, and whose names are specified in the list given on the following pages. To any toward whom I have failed in this respect, through ignorance, or owing to the difficulty of obtaining addresses, or from any other cause, apology is offered for an involuntary trespass. It was not possible to reach all with whom communication was attempted; but no hymn the copyright of which I know to exist has been inserted without authority first asked and received.

To Mr. W. I. B. Holmden my special thanks are given for constant and varied help rendered by him, both to Mr. Vince and to myself, in the preparation and production of this book.

HENRY PLATTEN.

BIRMINGHAM,
SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Best thanks are due, and are hereby tendered,
to—

Mrs. ALEXANDER for Nos. 101, 487, 491.

Mrs. ALFORD for Nos. 164, 320, 336, 365, 466, from the late
Dean Alford's *Poetical Works*.

Mrs. G. B. CREWDSON for No. 309.

Mrs. LYNCH for Nos. 70, 117, 284, 329, from *The Rivulet*,
by the late Rev. T. T. Lynch.

Miss A. L. WARING for Nos. 270, 306.

Rev. Sir H. W. BAKER, Bart. for Nos. 218, 446, from
Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Rev. Canon BAYNES for Nos. 120, 179, 232, 322, 405, from
The Canterbury Hymnal.

Rev. H. W. BEADON for No. 68.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH for No. 8.

Rev. Dr. BONAR for Nos. 45, 48, 88, 133, 136, 171, 260, 285,
330, 350, 367, 479, from *Hymns of Faith
and Hope*, and for permitting a few verbal
alterations.

Sir E. DENNY, Bart. for Nos. 75, 412, from *Hymns and
Poems*.

Rev. H. DOWNTON for Nos. 295, 402, 418, 457, 469, 471,
from *Hymns and Verses*.

Rev. C. W. FURSE for Nos. 38, 58, 87, 94, 137, 141, 243, 265,
429, 440, 453, 461, 464, 473, 493, 496, from
*Hymns of Love and Praise and Spiritual
Songs*, both by the late Rev. Dr. Monsell.

T. H. GILL, Esq. for Nos. 77, 110, 123, 128, 142, 266, 268,
274, 277, 332, 345, 359, 360, 381, 410, 411,
439, 441, 452, 454, 460, 499, from *The
Golden Chain of Praise*, and for 450, from
The Anniversaries.

Rev. FREDERICK GURNEY for Nos. 76, 108, 444.

J. T. HAYES, Esq. for No. 208, from *Hymns of the Eastern
Church*.

Messrs. HODDER and STOUGHTON for No. 225, from *The
New Sunday School Hymn Book*.

Rev. Canon HOW for Nos. 188, 226, 240, 280, 378, 467, 468,
from *Church Hymns*.

Rev. Dr. IRONS for No. 294.

[See over.]

[Continued.]

H. M. LYTE, Esq. for Nos. 34, 147, 369, 371, from *The Spirit of the Psalms*, by the late Rev. H. F. Lyte; and for correction of text.

C. W. MOULE, Esq. and
Messrs. MACMILLAN and Co., } for No. 462, from *Macmillan's Magazine*; and to the former }
} for his kindness in condens-
} ing this hymn for this book.

JOHN MURRAY, Esq. for Nos. 72, 84, 124, 207, 314, 407, 419.

JAMES PARKER, Esq. for Nos. 21, 182, 203, 348, from *The Christian Year*, 420 from *Christian Ballads*, and 301 from *The Child's Christian Year*.

Rev. Dr. PLUMPTRE for No. 67.

Messrs. RICHARDSON and SONS for Nos. 85, 201, 269.

Messrs. RIVINGTON and Co. for No. 377 from *Ancient Hymns*, and for 215.

Rev. GODFREY THRING for Nos. 200, 242, from *Hymns and Sacred Lyrics*.

Rev. LAWRENCE TUTTIETT, and } for No. 455 from *Counsels*
W. WELLS GARDNER, Esq., } of a *God-father*.

Rev. Dr. TWELLS for No. 202.

The use of hymns Nos. 63, 149, 150, 230, 257, and 424 from *Lyra Germanica* has been purchased on the usual terms of Messrs. Longman and Co., and of Nos. 69, 98, 205, and 278 from *The Holy Year*, of the BISHOP OF LINCOLN, who devotes the proceeds of his copyright in this work to the benefit of the Ecclesiastical Charities of his Diocese.

Much valuable information as to authorship and dates has been received from the able and learned Hymnologist, Mr. DANIEL SEDGWICK, whose knowledge of the whole subject is exhaustive and unique.

. To hymns which have been printed in strict accordance with the author's text, or in which the alterations are merely verbal, or are those of omission only, an asterisk has been prefixed. Where this sign does not appear it must be understood that the hymn has been subject to more important variation, or that the text has not been verified. The open dates are those of the author's birth, or of birth and death as the case requires, the single date enclosed in brackets is that of the publication of the hymn to which it is appended.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

	HYMNS
GOD THE FATHER :	
His Praise and Glory	1—16
His Work—In Creation and Providence	17—25
In Providence and Grace	26—35
The Divine Love	36—47
THE LORD JESUS CHRIST :	
His Incarnation	48—61
His Ministry	62—79
His Passion and Death	80—93
His Resurrection and Ascension	94—99
His Ministry in Heaven	100—111
THE HOLY SPIRIT :	
His quickening and renewing influence	112—127
THE HOLY TRINITY	
	128—136
PUBLIC WORSHIP :	
Thanksgiving	137—156
Confession and Prayer	157—177
Morning and Evening	178—215
THE WORD OF GOD	
	216—229
THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS	
	230—233
THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN :	
The Broken and Contrite Heart	234—243
The Return to God	244—249
The Joy of Salvation	250—264
Gratitude and Consecration	265—276

INDEX OF SUBJECTS—*continued*.

HYMNS

Self-surrender and Service . . .	277—284
Submission and Trustfulness . . .	285—306
Divine Sympathy and Succour . . .	307—340
Spiritual Conflict . . .	341—345
The Mind of Christ . . .	346—354
The Longing of the Soul for God . . .	355—362
Progress and Aspiration . . .	363—368

THE CHURCH OF GOD :

Her Glory and Defence . . .	369—374
The Communion of Saints . . .	375—383
Assembled for Prayer . . .	384—395
Baptism . . .	396—401
The Lord's Supper . . .	402—412
Christian Missions . . .	413—428

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS :

For a Marriage Service . . .	429—431
For a Meeting of Parents . . .	432—437
For a Funeral Service . . .	438—442
For those at Sea . . .	443
For a Time of War . . .	444—447
For a National Thanksgiving . . .	448—452

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR :

The New Year . . .	453—459
Spring-time . . .	460—461
Summer . . .	462
Autumn and Harvest . . .	463—467
Winter . . .	468
The Ending of the Year . . .	469—473

THE LIFE OF MAN, DEATH, TIME, AND

ETERNITY :

Life and Time . . .	474—482
Death . . .	483—486
The Day of Judgment . . .	487—490
Heaven . . .	491—500

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

. *Original first lines which have been altered or omitted are
here printed in italics in their proper alphabetical order.*

	NO.
A BIDE with me, fast falls the eventide <i>Lyte</i>	215
According to Thy gracious word <i>Montgomery</i>	404
A crown of glory bright <i>(American)</i>	366
Adore my soul that awful name <i>Smith</i>	480
A few more years shall roll <i>Bonar</i>	479
A fulness resides in Jesus our Head <i>Fawcett</i>	307
<i>Again the Lord of life and light</i> <i>Barbault</i> <i>see</i>	99
Ah Head so pierced and wounded <i>(translation)</i>	83
Ah whither should I go <i>Wesley</i>	239
All around the gracious seasons <i>Monsell</i>	473
All praise and thanks to God most high <i>Schütz (tr.)</i>	149
<i>All praise to Thee my God this night</i> <i>Ken</i> <i>see</i>	214
Almighty Father of mankind <i>Bruce</i>	290
Almighty God Thy word is cast <i>Cawood</i>	172
Angels from the realms of glory <i>Montgomery</i>	54
Another six days' work is done <i>Stennett</i>	186
Another year, another year <i>Downton</i>	469
Another year is fled, renew <i>Russell</i>	459
Art thou weary, art thou languid <i>(tr. from Greek)</i>	338
As every day Thy mercy spares <i>Shrubsole</i>	326
As flows the rapid river <i>Smith</i>	475
As with gladness men of old <i>Dix</i>	61

		NO.
At even ere the sun was set	<i>Twells</i>	202
At evening time when day is done	<i>Rawson</i>	484
At Thy feet our God and Father	<i>Burns</i>	456
Awake glad soul, awake, awake	<i>Monsell</i>	94
Awake my soul, and with the sun	<i>Ken</i>	181
Awake my soul, stretch every nerve	<i>Doddridge</i>	363
Awake my zeal, awake my love	<i>Watts</i>	279
Awake our souls, away our fears	<i>Watts</i>	340

B APTIZED into our Saviour's death	<i>Doddridge</i>	397
Before Jehovah's awful throne	<i>Watts</i>	138
Begin my tongue some heavenly theme	<i>Watts</i>	41
Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near	<i>Newton</i>	297
Behold the everlasting Son	<i>Gill</i>	110
Behold the King of glory near	<i>Weiszel (tr.)</i>	257
Behold the lofty sky	<i>Watts</i>	219
<i>Behold the morning sun</i>	<i>Watts</i>	see 219
Behold the mountain of the Lord	<i>Bruce</i>	422
Behold where in the Friend of man	<i>Enfield</i>	71
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea	<i>Conder</i>	15
Beyond the glittering starry skies	<i>Fanch & Turner</i>	111
Birds have their quiet nest	<i>Monsell</i>	265
Blessed are the pure in heart	<i>Keble</i>	348
Bread of the world in mercy broken	<i>Heber</i>	407
Break new born year, on glad eyes	<i>Gill</i>	454
Bright Thy presence when it breaketh	<i>Gill</i>	381

C HRIST from Whom all blessings flow	<i>Wesley</i>	383
Christians awake, salute the happy	<i>Byrom</i>	52
Christian seek not yet repose	<i>Elliott</i>	344
Christ the Lord is risen to-day	<i>Wesley</i>	95
Christ to heaven is gone before	<i>Rawson</i>	102
<i>Come and hear the grand old story</i>	<i>Bonar</i>	see 48

	NO.
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	Watts . . . 354
Come, gracious Spirit, gift of love	Browne . . . 121
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove	Browne . . . see 121
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove	Watts . . . 119
Come let us join our cheerful songs	Watts . . . 92
Come let us join our friends above	Wesley . . . 375
Come, my soul, thou must be waking	Canitz (tr.) . . . 178
Come sound His praise abroad	Watts . . . 18
Come Thou Fount of every blessing	Robinson . . . 263
Come Thou Who dost the soul endure	Tr. from Latin . . . 113
Come to our poor nature's night	Rawson . . . 125
Come we that love the Lord	Watts . . . 154
Come, ye thankful people, come	Alford . . . 466
Command Thy blessing from above	Montgomery . . . 144
Commit Thou all Thy griefs	Gerhardt (tr.) . . . 291
Crown Him with many crowns	Bridges . . . 89
DAY of loss and day of gain	Moncell . . . 87
Days and years are left behind us	. . . 472
Dear Lord Thou art not sorry	Gill . . . 410
Despisèd is the Man of grief	Heber . . . 84
Devoted unto Thee	Noel . . . 396
Dismiss me not Thy service, Lord	Lynch . . . 284
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song	Watts . . . 210
ENTHRONED on high Almighty	
Lord	Haweis . . . 122
Ere the blue heavens were stretched	Watts . . . 49
Eternal Father, strong to save	Whiting . . . 443
Eternal God, Thy gracious power	Thompson . . . 14
Eternal Light, eternal Light	Binney . . . 3
Eternal Power Whose high abode	Watts . . . 4
Ever would I fain be reading	Hensel (tr.) . . . 63
FAR from these narrow scenes of	
night	Steele . . . 495

	NO.
Father, again in Jesus' name we meet . . .	? <i>Whittemore</i> . . . 158
Father and Friend, Thy light, Thy love	<i>Bowring</i> . . . 11
Father glorious with all splendour . . .	<i>Gill</i> . . . 128
Father, I know that all my life . . .	<i>Waring</i> . . . 306
Father let me dedicate . . .	<i>Tuttielt</i> . . . 455
Father of heaven, Whose love profound	? <i>Cooper</i> . . . 132
Father of love, our Guide and Friend .	<i>Irons</i> . . . 294
Father of mercies bow Thine ear . . .	<i>Beddome</i> . . . 390
Father of mercies, God of love . . .	: <i>Heginbotham</i> . . . 28
Father of mercies hear . . .	<i>Burton</i> . . . 174
Father of mercies, in Thy word . . .	<i>Steele</i> . . . 220
Father of mercies send Thy grace . . .	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . 281
Father, we for our children plead . . .	<i>Mrs. F——</i> . . . 436
Fierce was the storm of wind . . .	<i>Beadon</i> . . . 68
First in the great benediction . . .	*? <i>Miss F. E. Leeson</i> 57
Flow, blessed gospel, glorious news . . .	<i>Ashworth</i> . . . 421
For all Thy saints, O Lord . . .	<i>Mant</i> . . . 377
For all Thy saints who from their . . .	<i>How</i> . . . 378
For ever here my rest shall be . . .	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 406
For the beauty of the earth . . .	<i>Pierpont</i> . . . 44
For Thy mercy and Thy grace . . .	<i>Downton</i> . . . 471
Forward be our watchword . . .	<i>Alford</i> . . . 365
Frequent the day of God returns . . .	<i>Browne</i> . . . 190
From Greenland's icy mountains . . .	<i>Heber</i> . . . 419

GIVE praise to Him Who built the hills . . .	<i>Bonar</i> . . . 133
Give me the wings of faith to rise . . .	<i>Watts</i> . . . 494
Give to our God immortal praise . . .	<i>Watts</i> . . . 1
Glory to Thee, my God, this night . . .	<i>Ken</i> . . . 214
God is love, His mercy brightens . . .	<i>Bowring</i> . . . 36
God is love by Him upholden . . .	<i>Monsell</i> . . . 38

* This conjectural authorship was received too late for insertion with the hymns.

	no.
God is the refuge of His saints	<i>Watts</i> . . . 372
God moves in a mysterious way	<i>Cowper</i> . . . 302
God of almighty love	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 135
God of eternity from Thee	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . 482
God of my life through all its days	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . 30
God of our life, Thy various praise	<i>Heginbotham</i> . . . 458
God of pity, God of grace	<i>Morris</i> . . . 321
God of the cheerful morning	<i>(American)</i> . . . 179
God the Father be Thou near	<i>Rawson</i> . . . 206
God that madest earth and heaven	<i>Heber & others</i> . . . 207
Go up, go up my heart	<i>Bonar</i> . . . 367
Gracious Spirit dwell with me	<i>Lynch</i> . . . 117
Great Father of our spirits hear	 432
Great God as seasons disappear	<i>Butcher</i> . . . 465
Great God how infinite art Thou	<i>Watts</i> . . . 10
Great God in vain man's narrow view	<i>Kippis</i> . . . 7
Great God of wonders all Thy ways	<i>Davies</i> . . . 43
Great God, we sing that mighty hand	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . 148
Great God what do I see and hear	<i>Ringwald (tr.)</i> . . . 489
Great God Whose universal sway	<i>Watts</i> . . . 415
Great the joy when Christians meet	<i>Burder</i> . . . 382
Guide me O Thou great Jehovah	<i>Williams (tr.)</i> . . . 335

H AIL morning known among the blessed	<i>Wardlaw</i> . . . 185
Hail the day that sees Him rise	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 100
Hail Thou once despised Jesus	<i>Bakewell</i> . . . 103
Hail to the Lord's anointed	<i>Montgomery</i> . . . 425
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hearts to heaven	<i>Wordsworth</i> . . . 98
Happy the home when God is there	<i>Mrs. W—</i> . . . 433
Happy the souls to Jesus joined	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 376
Hark the glad sound the Saviour comes	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . 51
Hark the herald angels sing	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 53
<i>Harp, awake, tell out the story</i>	<i>Downton</i> . . . <i>see</i> 457

		NO.
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal . . .	<i>Thring</i>	242
Heal us, Emmanuel, we are here . . .	<i>Cowper</i>	316
Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father . . .	<i>Parr</i>	212
Hear what the voice from heaven . . .	<i>Watts</i>	438
Heavenly Father may Thy love . . .	<i>Guest</i>	434
He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed	<i>Hemans</i>	81
Help me, my God, to speak . . .	<i>Bonar</i>	350
Higher, higher, to aspire . . .	<i>Monsell</i>	496
High in the heavens, eternal God . . .	<i>Watts</i>	26
Holy Father hear my cry . . .	<i>Bonar</i>	136
Holy Father Whom we praise . . .	<i>Binney</i>	197
Holy, holy, holy, Lord . . .	<i>Conder</i>	165
Holy Saviour, Thou hast told us . . .		385
Holy Spirit, Source of gladness . . .		126
Hosanna raise the pealing hymn . . .	<i>Haevergal</i>	60
Hours and days and months and years	<i>Monsell</i>	453
How condescending and how kind . . .	<i>Watts</i>	80
How firm a foundation ye saints . . .	<i>Keith</i>	304
How honoured, how dear, the sacred . . .	<i>Conder</i>	146
How long, O Lord, in weariness and . . .	<i>Borthwick</i>	361
How shall a contrite sinner pray . . .	<i>Montgomery</i>	245
How shall I follow Him I serve . . .	<i>Conder</i>	339
How shall I praise the eternal God . . .	<i>Watts</i>	2
<i>How shall the young secure their hearts</i> . . .	<i>Watts</i>	see 223
How shall we, Lord, secure our hearts	<i>Watts</i>	223
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . .	<i>Newton</i>	252
<i>Hues of the rich unfolding morn</i> . . .	<i>Keble</i>	see 182

I CANNOT shun the stroke of death	<i>Browne</i>	483
I give immortal praise	<i>Watts</i>	131
In all things like Thy brethren, Thou . . .	<i>Anstice</i>	78
Infinite pity touched the heart	<i>Watts</i>	55
In heaven a rapturous song was heard	<i>Medley</i>	50

	NO.
Inspirer and Hearer of prayer	<i>Toplady</i> . . . 213
In Thy name, O Lord, assembling	<i>Kelly</i> . . . 162
I sing the almighty power of God	<i>Watts</i> . . . 17
It came upon the midnight clear	<i>Sears</i> . . . 445
It is Thy hand, my God	<i>Dech</i> . . . 286
I would commune with Thee, my God	<i>Bubier</i> . . . 362
J EHOVAH God, Thy gracious power	<i>Thompson</i> . . . see 14
Jerusalem my happy home	(<i>tr. from Latin</i>) . . . 498
Jesus, and didst Thou condescend	<i>Am—a</i> . . . 65
Jesus, exalted far on high	<i>Cotterill</i> . . . 74
Jesus, in Thee our eyes behold	<i>Watts</i> . . . 105
Jesus lives! no longer now	<i>Gellert (tr.)</i> . . . 97
Jesus, Lord, we kneel before Thee	<i>Cummins</i> . . . 167
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 380
Jesus, Lover of my soul	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 308
Jesus, my Lord, how rich Thy grace	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . see 282
Jesus, my Lord, in radiant light	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . 282
Jesus, my Strength, my Hope	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 324
Jesus, our Lord, Who tempted wast	<i>Alford</i> . . . 336
Jesus, Saviour, Thou dost know	<i>Dent</i> . . . 66
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	<i>Watts</i> . . . 428
Jesus, Sun of righteousness	<i>Rosenroth (tr.)</i> . . . 183
Jesus, the very thought of Thee	<i>Bernard (tr.)</i> . . . 254
Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts	<i>Bernard (tr.)</i> . . . 251
Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness	<i>Zinzendorf (tr.)</i> . . . 250
Jesus, to Thy table led	<i>Baynes</i> . . . 405
Jesus, we look to Thee	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 386
Joy to the world, the Lord is come	<i>Watts</i> . . . 56
Just as I am, without one plea	<i>Elliott</i> . . . 244

KINDRED in Christ, for His dear
sake *Newton* . . . 394

LAMP of our feet, whereby we
trace *Barton* . . . 217

	NO.
Leader of faithful souls, and Guide	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 364
Lead kindly Light, amid the encircling	<i>Newman</i> . . . 331
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us	<i>Edmeston</i> . . . 134
Leaning on Thee, my Guide, my Friend	<i>Elliott</i> . . . 292
Let all men praise the Lord	<i>Rinckart (tr.)</i> . . 152
Let all the world rejoice	<i>Hunt</i> . . . 23
Let everlasting glories crown	<i>Watts</i> . . . 221
Let me be with Thee where Thou art	<i>Elliott</i> . . . 358
Let plenteous grace descend on those	<i>Newton</i> . . . 401
Let there be light ! thus spake the	<i>Montgomery</i> . . . 427
Let Thy wondrous way be known	<i>Jackson</i> . . . 413
Let us sing the grand old story	<i>Bonar</i> . . . 48
Let us with a gladsome mind	<i>Milton</i> . . . 47
Let Zion's watchmen all awake	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . 391
Lift up to God the voice of praise	<i>Warlaw</i> . . . 35
<i>Lift up your heads ye mighty gates</i>	<i>Weiszel (tr.)</i> see 257
Lo, God is here, let us adore	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 140
Long as I live I'll bless Thy name	<i>Watts</i> . . . 31
Long have I sat beneath the sound	<i>Watts</i> . . . 175
Lord, a Saviour's love displaying	<i>Hawkins</i> . . . 426
Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee	<i>Gurney</i> . . . 76
Lord, bid Thy Light arise	<i>Bathurst</i> . . . 163
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing	<i>Shirley</i> . . . 176
Lord, from Thee what grace and glory	<i>Gill</i> . . . 450
Lord God of gods, before Whose throne	<i>Quarles & Darling</i> 130
Lord God of old, Who wentest	<i>Gill</i> . . . 142
Lord God the Holy Ghost	<i>Montgomery</i> . . . 118
Lord, her watch Thy church is keeping	<i>Downton</i> . . . 418
Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear	<i>Watts</i> . . . 184
Lord, in this awful fight with sin	<i>Gill</i> . . . 345
Lord, in Thy kingdom there should be	<i>Anstice</i> . . . 379
Lord, it belongs not to my care	<i>Baxter</i> . . . 305
Lord, it is Thy holy day	 193

	no.
Lord, I was blind, I could not see . . . <i>Matson</i>	253
Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee . . . <i>Dech</i>	374
Lord, let my heart still turn to Thee . . .	317
Lord, my weak thought in vain would . . . <i>Palmer</i>	303
Lord of mercy and of might . . . <i>Heber</i>	314
Lord of the harvest, hear . . . <i>Wesley</i>	392
Lord of the hours, at this fair time . . . <i>Moule</i>	462
Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows . . . <i>Doddridge</i>	195
Lord of the vast creation . . . <i>Bulmer</i>	194
Lord of the worlds above . . . <i>Watts</i>	145
Lord, teach us how to pray aright . . . <i>Montgomery</i>	170
Lord, there is a throne of grace . . . <i>Cobbín</i>	384
Lord, Thou hast been Thy people's . . . <i>Montgomery</i>	5
Lord, Thou hast known my inmost . . . <i>Tate & Brady</i>	12
Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me . . . <i>Watts</i>	13
Lord, Thy word abideth . . . <i>Baker</i>	218
Lord, we come before Thee now . . . <i>Hammond</i>	168
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne . . . <i>Carlyle</i>	166
Lord, while for all mankind we pray . . . <i>Wreford</i>	448
Lowly and solemn be . . . <i>Hemans</i>	485

MAKE these henceforth Thy care,

O Lord <i>Bertram</i>	398
May the grace of Christ our Saviour . . . <i>Newton</i>	177
May we not, Father, meetly mourn . . . <i>Gill</i>	441
Mighty God, while angels bless Thee . . . <i>Robinson</i>	153
Millions within Thy courts have met . . . <i>Montgomery</i>	198
My blessèd Saviour, is Thy love . . . <i>Stennett</i>	275
My dear Redeemer and my Lord . . . <i>Watts</i>	73
My God, accept my heart this day . . . <i>Bridges</i>	400
My God and Father, while I stray . . . <i>Elliott</i>	287
My God, how wonderful Thou art . . . <i>Faber</i>	269
My God, in Whom are all the springs . . . <i>Watts</i>	298
My God, my Father, blissful name . . . <i>Steele</i>	296

		NO.
My God, my King, Thy various praise	<i>Watts</i>	283
My God, O let me call Thee mine	<i>Steele</i>	325
My God, permit me not to be	<i>Watts</i>	356
My heart is resting, O my God	<i>Waring</i>	270
My life's a shade, my days	<i>Crossman</i>	486
My song shall be of mercy	<i>Downton</i>	295
My soul, praise the Lord	<i>Park</i>	19
My soul, repeat His praise	<i>Watts</i>	39

N E A R E R, my God, to Thee	<i>Adams</i>	357
New every morning is the love	<i>Keble</i>	182
No longer must the mourners weep	<i>Neale</i>	442
Not all the blood of beasts	<i>Watts</i>	249
Not to the terrors of the Lord	<i>Watts</i>	373
Not what I am, O Lord! but what	<i>Bonar</i>	260
Not yet I love my God	<i>Gill</i>	359
Now begin the heavenly theme	<i>Langford</i>	228
Now doth the sun ascend the sky	<i>(tr. from Latin)</i>	180
Now for a tune of lofty praise	<i>Watts</i>	96
Now in a song of grateful praise	<i>Medley</i>	62
Now it belongs not to my care	<i>Baxter</i>	see 305
Now let us join with hearts and tongues	<i>Newton</i>	107
Now thank we all our God	<i>Rinchart (tr.)</i>	150
Now to the Lord a noble song	<i>Watts</i>	267
Now to the power of God supreme	<i>Watts</i>	229

O CHRIST, the King of human life	<i>Bourne</i>	430
O Christ, with all Thy members one	<i>Bertram</i>	see 398
O come and mourn with me awhile	<i>Faber</i>	85
O everlasting Light	<i>Bonar</i>	330
O for a heart to praise my God	<i>Wesley</i>	353
O for a humbler walk with God	<i>Harland</i>	347
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe	<i>White</i>	343
O God, mine inmost soul convert!	<i>Wesley</i>	488

	NO.
O God of Bethel, by Whose hand . . . <i>Doddridge</i> . . .	161
O God of life, Whose power benign . . . <i>Russell</i> . . .	129
O God of love, O King of peace . . . <i>Baker</i> . . .	446
O God of our forefathers, hear . . . <i>Wesley</i> . . .	246
O God, the Rock of ages . . . <i>Bickersteth</i> . . .	8
O God, Thy grace and blessing give	160
O help us, Lord, each hour of need . . . <i>Milman</i> . . .	169
O Holy Ghost, Who down dost come . . . <i>Gill</i> . . .	123
O how blessed the congregation . . . <i>Lyte</i> . . .	369
O Jesus, King most wonderful . . . <i>Bernard (tr.)</i> . . .	255
O Jesus, sweetest holiest name . . . <i>Graham</i> . . .	262
O Jesus, Thou art standing . . . <i>How</i> . . .	240
O Lord, a wondrous story . . . <i>Moultrie</i> . . .	437
O Lord, how happy should we be . . . <i>Anstice</i> . . .	301
O Lord, I look to Thee . . . <i>Astley</i> . . .	351
O Lord, I would delight in Thee . . . <i>Ryland</i> . . .	258
O Lord of heaven and earth and sea . . . <i>Wordsworth</i> . . .	278
O Lord of hosts, the earth is Thine . . . <i>How</i> . . .	447
O Lord our God, arise . . . <i>Wardlaw</i> . . .	414
O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart . . . <i>Oberlin (tr.)</i> . . .	272
O love divine and golden . . . <i>Monsell</i> . . .	429
O love of God, how strong and true . . . <i>Bonar</i> . . .	45
O mean may seem this house of clay . . . <i>Gill</i> . . .	77
One there is above all others . . . <i>Newton</i> . . .	91
O not alone in saddest plight . . . <i>Gill</i> . . .	332
O not to fill the mouth of fame . . . <i>Gill</i> . . .	277
O not upon our waiting eyes . . . <i>Gill</i> . . .	266
Oppressed with sin and woe . . . <i>Brontë</i> . . .	238
O Saviour, Thou in love didst make . . . <i>Monsell</i> . . .	58
O Saviour, Whom the Father's love . . . <i>Heber</i> . . .	72
O Spirit, descend as the light of the morn	116
O Spirit of the living God . . . <i>Montgomery</i> . . .	127
O Thou from Whom all goodness flows . . . <i>Haweis</i> . . .	312

		NO.
O Thou that hearest prayer . . .	? Burton . . .	114
O Thou that hearest when sinners cry	Watts . . .	241
O Thou the contrite sinners friend . . .	Elliott . . .	311
O Thou to Whom in ancient time . . .	Pierpont . . .	139
O Thou Who camest from above . . .	Wesley . . .	273
O Thou Who didst this rite reveal . . .	Elliott . . .	408
O Thou Who hast redeemed of old . . .	Wesley . . .	237
O Thou Who hast Thy servants taught	Aiford . . .	164
O Thou Whose sacred feet have trod . . .	Burns . . .	288
Our blessed Redeemer e'er He breathed	Auber . . .	112
Our Father sits on yonder throne . . .	Kelly . . .	271
Our God, our help in ages past . . .	Watts . . .	6
Our Saviour, bless us ere we go . . .	Faber . . .	201
O where is He that trod the sea . . .	Lynch . . .	70
O word of God incarnate . . .	How . . .	226
O worship the King all glorious above	Grant . . .	24
O worship the Lord in the beauty . . .	Mensell . . .	137

PART in peace, Christ's life was		
peace	Adams . . .	395
<i>Pour blessed gospel, glorious news for man</i>	Askeworth . . .	see 421
Praise and thanks to Thee be sung . . .	Rist (tr.) . . .	230
Praise, everlasting praise, be paid . . .	Watts . . .	224
Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits . . .	Lyte . . .	147
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven . . .	Lyte . . .	34
<i>Praises to Him who built the hills . . .</i>	Benar . . .	see 133
Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore Him	Kemphorne . . .	42
Praise to Thee, Thou great Creator . . .	Fauccett . . .	16
Praise waits on earth, O Lord, for Thee	Smith . . .	157
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . .	Montgomery . . .	388

Q	UIET, Lord, my froward heart . . .	Newton . . .	300
---	------------------------------------	--------------	-----

		NO.
R AISE your triumphant songs	<i>Watts</i>	227
Rejoice, believer, in the Lord	<i>Newton</i>	327
Rock of ages, cleft for me	<i>Toplady</i>	248

S AVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we raise	<i>Ellerton</i>	209
Saviour, bless the word to all	<i>Kelly</i>	173
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	<i>Edmeston</i>	211
Saviour, shed Thy richest blessing	<i>Cousin</i>	417
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	<i>Coxe</i>	420
Saviour, Who from death didst take	<i>Gill</i>	439
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	<i>Grant</i>	315
Saviour, Who exalted high	<i>Mant</i>	318
Shine, mighty God, on England shine	<i>Watts</i>	449
Shine on our souls, eternal God	<i>Doddridge</i>	189
Show pity, Lord, for we are frail and	<i>Thomas</i>	313
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive	<i>Watts</i>	234
Sinful, sighing to be blessed	<i>Monsell</i>	243
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	<i>Monsell</i>	141
Sing to the Lord of bounty	<i>Monsell</i>	464
Sing we brethren faithful-hearted	<i>Downton</i>	457
Sing we the song of those who stand	<i>Montgomery</i>	157
Soldiers of Christ, arise	<i>Wesley</i>	342
Sometimes a light surprises	<i>Cowper</i>	299
Songs of praise the angels sang	<i>Montgomery</i>	151
Spirit Divine, attend our prayer	<i>Reed</i>	115
Spirit of holiness, descend	<i>Smith</i>	393
Spirit of truth, on this Thy day	<i>Heber</i>	124
Spread, O spread, thou mighty word	<i>Bahnmeier (tr.)</i>	424
Stand up and bless the Lord	<i>Montgomery</i>	155
Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears	<i>Watts</i>	341
Still with Thee, O my God	<i>Burns</i>	355
Sunny days are passed and gone	<i>How</i>	468
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	<i>Keble</i>	203

	NO.
Sweet feast of love divine	<i>Denny</i> . . . 412
Sweet is the memory of Thy grace	<i>Watts</i> . . . 27
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	<i>Watts</i> . . . 191
<i>Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go</i>	<i>Faber</i> . . . see 201
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	<i>Shirley</i> . . . 403

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said	<i>Everest</i> . . . 337
Tell of your Redeemer's passion	<i>Gill</i> . . . 411
Ten thousand thousand are Thy hosts	<i>Bertram</i> . . . 233
The church of God below	<i>Lyte</i> . . . 371
The day is gently sinking to a close	<i>Wordsworth</i> . . . 205
The day is past and over	<i>(tr. from Greek)</i> 208
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended	<i>Ellerton</i> . . . 199
The eternal gates lift up their heads	<i>Alexander</i> . . . 101
Thee we adore, eternal name	<i>Watts</i> . . . 476
The Galilean fishers toil	<i>Wordsworth</i> . . . 69
The glory of the spring how sweet	<i>Gill</i> . . . 460
The God of Abraham praise	<i>Olivers</i> . . . 46
The great redeeming angel, Thee	<i>Wesley</i> . . . 435
The happy fields, the heavenly host	<i>Gill</i> . . . 499
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord	<i>Watts</i> . . . 216
The journey done, the rest begun	<i>Monsell</i> . . . 440
The Lord is King, lift up thy voice	<i>Conder</i> . . . 33
The radiant morn hath passed away	<i>Thring</i> . . . 200
There is a book who runs may read	<i>Keble</i> . . . 21
There is a dwelling-place above	<i>Mant</i> . . . 352
There is a holy sacrifice	<i>Montgomery</i> . . . 237
There is a land of pure delight	<i>Watts</i> . . . 495
There is an eye that never sleeps	<i>Wallace</i> . . . 389
There is no night in heaven	<i>(American)</i> . . . 232
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	<i>Crewdson</i> . . . 309
The roseate hues of early dawn	<i>Alexander</i> . . . 491
These mortal joys how soon they fade	<i>Doddridge</i> . . . 478

	NO.
The Son of God in mighty love . . . <i>Bonar</i> . . .	88
The Son of God, the Lord of Life . . . <i>Mogridge</i> . . .	76
The spacious firmament on high . . . <i>Addison</i> . . .	20
The spring-tide hour brings leaf and . . . <i>Monzell</i> . . .	461
The sun is sinking fast <i>(tr. from Latin)</i> . . .	204
The waves of trouble how they rise . . . <i>Watts</i> . . .	500
They come, God's messengers of love . . . <i>Campbell</i> . . .	231
The year is gone beyond recall <i>(tr. from Latin)</i> . . .	470
The year is swiftly waning <i>How</i> . . .	467
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old . . . <i>Plumptre</i> . . .	67
Thine for ever, God of love <i>Maude</i> . . .	276
Thine influence, mighty God, is felt . . . <i>Needham</i> . . .	334
This day at Thy creating word <i>How</i> . . .	188
This day the blessed Lord of life <i>(tr. from Latin)</i> . . .	187
This is my body, take and eat <i>Downton</i> . . .	402
This is the day of light. <i>Ellerton</i> . . .	192
This sacred day, great God, we close . . . <i>Hordle</i> . . .	196
Thou art gone up on high <i>Toke</i> . . .	109
Thou art the Way, by Thee alone <i>Doane</i> . . .	247
Thou blessed Creator of the world <i>(tr. from Latin)</i> . . .	59
Thou blessed Spirit, by Whose aid <i>(American)</i> . . .	120
Thou hidden love of God, whose height . . . <i>Tersteegen (tr.)</i> . . .	323
Thou hidden Source of calm repose . . . <i>Wesley</i> . . .	259
Thou Judge of quick and dead <i>Wesley</i> . . .	490
Thou, Lord, art love and everywhere . . . <i>Burns</i> . . .	40
Thou Who didst stoop below <i>Miles</i> . . .	82
Thou Whose almighty word <i>Marriott</i> . . .	46
Through all the changing scenes of life . . . <i>Tate & Brady</i> . . .	261
Through centuries of sin and woe <i>Gurney</i> . . .	444
Through endless years Thou art the . . . <i>Tate & Brady</i> . . .	9
Thy ceaseless unexhausted love <i>Wesley</i> . . .	37
Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare . . . <i>Montgomery</i> . . .	222
Thy way, not mine, O Lord <i>Bonar</i> . . .	285

		NO.
<i>Thy word is like a garden, Lord</i>	<i>Hodder</i>	<i>see</i> 225
Thy word is like a mine, O Lord	<i>Hodder</i>	225
Time what an empty vapour 'tis	<i>Watts</i>	474
'Tis finished, so the Saviour cried	<i>Stennett</i>	86
<i>'Tis gone that bright and orbèd blaze</i>	<i>Keble</i>	<i>see</i> 203
'Tis to us no cause of sorrow	<i>Kelly</i>	293
To Christ be grateful homage paid	<i>Barbould</i>	99
To God the only wise	<i>Watts</i>	368
To me to live let it be Christ	<i>Montgomery</i>	399
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine	<i>Doddridge</i>	477
To our Redeemer's glorious name	<i>Steele</i>	256
To realms beyond the sounding sea	<i>Gunn</i>	451
Triumphant, Lord, Thy goodness reigns	<i>Doddridge</i>	32
Two temples doth Jehovah prize	<i>Davis</i>	349

U PHOLD us, Lord, by Thy strong hand	<i>(American)</i>	322
Uplift the banner, let it float	<i>Doane</i>	423
Up to the Lord that reigns on high	<i>Watts</i>	25
Up to Thy throne, O Lord	<i>Thomas</i>	333

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin	<i>Stone</i>	<i>see</i> 492
Weary of warfare, striving	<i>Stone</i>	492
We ask with hearts in unison	<i>Gaskell</i>	431
We give Thee but Thine own	<i>How</i>	280
<i>We join to crave, with wishes kind</i>	<i>Gaskell</i>	<i>see</i> 431
We love Thee, Lord, yet not alone	<i>Elliott</i>	264
We plough the fields and scatter	<i>Claudius (tr.)</i>	463
We praise and bless Thee, gracious	<i>Spitta (tr.)</i>	346
We saw Thee not when Thou didst	<i>Gurney</i>	108
We sing the praise of Him Who died	<i>Kelly</i>	90
We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth	<i>Cotton</i>	22
We triumph in the glorious grace	<i>Gill</i>	452
We walk by faith and not by sight	<i>Alford</i>	320

	NO.
We walk on earth, and to its ways <i>Monsell</i>	493
What equal honours shall we bring <i>Watts</i>	93
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone <i>Denny</i>	75
What various hindrances we meet <i>Cowper</i>	387
When all Thy mercies, O my God <i>Addison</i>	29
When I survey the wondrous cross <i>Watts</i>	409
When Jesus came to earth of old <i>Alexander</i>	487
When our heads are bowed with woe <i>Milman</i>	310
When overwhelmed with grief <i>Watts</i>	319
When shall I, Lord, a journey take <i>Gill</i>	360
<i>When the first parents of our race</i> <i>Watts</i>	see 55
When the Saviour dwelt below <i>Ryland</i>	64
When the weary seeking rest <i>Bonar</i>	171
Where high the heavenly temple stands <i>Bruce</i>	104
Where is thy God, my soul <i>Lynch</i>	329
While Thee I seek, almighty Power <i>Williams</i>	289
<i>Winter reigneth o'er the land</i> <i>How</i>	see 468
With broken heart and contrite sigh <i>Elven</i>	236
With joy we meditate the grace <i>Watts</i>	106
With sacred joy we lift our eyes <i>Jervis</i>	159
With sin I would not make abode <i>Gill</i>	274
Y E servants of the Lord <i>Doddridge</i>	481
Yes it is good to worship Thee <i>Taylor</i>	148
Ye souls for whom the Son did die <i>Gill</i>	263
Your harps ye trembling saints <i>Toplady</i>	328
Z ION of the Lord belovèd <i>Kelly</i>	370
<i>Zion stands with hills surrounded</i> <i>Kelly</i>	see 370

GOD,
HIS GLORY AND PRAISE.

L.M.

I

- 1 **G**IVE to our GOD immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all His ways :
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the LORD of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night ;
His mercies ever shall endure
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent His SON with power to save
From guilt and darkness, and the grave :
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

God :

2

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise the Eternal GOD,
The Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend His high abode,
Or venture near His throne?
- 2 Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 3 Speak we of strength? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy;
Infinite years His life prolong,
And endless is His joy.
- 4 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters His decrees;
Firm as a rock His truth remains
To guard His promises.
- 5 Justice upon the eternal throne
Maintains the rights of GOD,
While Mercy sends her pardons down
Through the Redeemer's blood.
- 6 Now to my soul, Immortal King,
Speak Thy forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my LORD.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

The Divine Glory.

8.6.8.8.6.

3

- 1 **E**TERNAL Light! Eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be
When placed within Thy searching sight
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee!
- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.
- 3 O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,
An offering and a sacrifice,
A HOLY SPIRIT'S energies,
An Advocate with GOD.
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Majesty above;
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light
Through the Eternal Love!

**Thomas Binney,*
1798—1874.

God :

4

L.M.

- 1 ETERNAL Power—whose high abode
Becomes the majesty of GOD ;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :—
- 2 Thee, while the first Archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 LORD, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.
- 4 Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And we have learned to lisp Thy name ;
But, O, the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 GOD is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

5

8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 L ORD, Thou hast been Thy people's rest
Through every generation ;
Their refuge sure when peril pressed,
Their hope in tribulation :

Eternal and Unchangeable.

Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
Art GOD from everlasting.

2 The sons of men return to clay
When Thou the word hast spoken ;
As with a torrent swept away,
Gone like a vision broken :
A thousand years are in Thy sight
But as the passing hours of night,
Or yesterday departed.

3 O teach us so to count our days,
That we may prize them duly ;
So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly :
Return, O LORD, our griefs behold,
And with Thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early.

4 If long should be our days of pain,
And long our years of sadness ;
To us display Thy grace again,
And to our sons Thy gladness :
O LORD our GOD, with favouring love
Shine forth, our handiwork approve,
And bless our daily labour.

James Montgomery,
1771—1854.

Altered by Benjamin Hall Kennedy,
[1862].

C.M.

6

1 O UR GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

God :

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
“*Return, ye sons of men ;*”
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 6 Time, like an over-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Our GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

7

L.M.

- 1 GREAT GOD; in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look Thy nature through ;
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.

Eternal and Unchangeable.

- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his GOD has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace Thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, LORD, Thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all Thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace !
Explore Thy sacred Name; and still
Press on to know and do Thy will.

Andrew Kippis,
1725—1795.

7.6.

8

- 1 **O** GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before Thy first creations,
O LORD, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !
- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

God :

3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail :
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy SPIRIT brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 LORD, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face :
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

**Edward Henry Bickersteth,
1825—*

9

C.M.

1 THROUGH endless years Thou art the
same,
O Thou eternal GOD !
Ages to come shall know Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by Thee were laid,
By Thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.

Eternal and Unchangeable.

- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
 Formed by Thy powerful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
 And changed at Thy command.
- 4 But Thine eternal state, O LORD !
 No length of time shall waste :
Thy power and wisdom, truth and grace,
 From age to age shall last.
- 5 Thou to the children of Thy saints
 Shalt endless blessings give :
They in their fathers' GOD shall trust,
 And in Thy presence live.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady,
1652—1715 1659—1726.

Altered by Harriet Auber.
1773—1862.

C.M.

IO

- 1 GREAT GOD, how infinite art Thou !
 How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee !
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living GOD,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
 To Thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.

God :

- 4 Eternity with all its years
 Stands present in Thy view ;
 To Thee there's nothing old appears ;
 Great GOD ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While Thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great GOD, how infinite art Thou !
 How frail and helpless we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to Thee.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

II

L.M.

- 1 FATHER and Friend ! Thy light, Thy
 love,
 Beaming through all Thy works we see,
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
 And all the earth is full of Thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
 Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
 Involved in clouds, invisible,
 Reignest the LORD of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
 Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be ;
 But this we know, that where Thou art
 Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
 Thee.

Omnipresent and Omniscient.

- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since Thou their GOD art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

Sir John Bowring.
1792—1872.

8's

12

- 1 **L**ORD! Thou hast known my inmost
mind;
Thou dost my path and bed inclose;
My waking soul on Thee reclines;
On Thee my sleeping hours repose:
Where from Thy presence shall I fly?
LORD, ever present, ever nigh!
- 2 If to the highest heaven I climb,
Or on the wings of morning soar,
Thy swifter light awaits me there;
Thy piercing eyes my steps explore:
I cannot from Thy presence fly,
LORD, ever present, ever nigh!
- 3 And if to hide the evil thought,
To secret darkness I repair,
A still small voice within me speaks,
And tells that GOD is also there:
I would not from Thy presence fly,
LORD, ever present, ever nigh!

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady.
1652—1715 1659—1726.
Altered by Henry Venn Elliott.
[1835].

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast searched and seen me
through,
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my GOD distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with GOD.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest Thy fugitive.
- 6 Or should I try to shun Thy sight,
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of Thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 7 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for GOD is there.

*Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.

Omnipresent and Omniscient.

C.M.

14

- 1 **E**TERNAL GOD! Thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O may the mercies of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee!
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
Thy hand of love we see;
And all the blessings we receive
Proceed, O LORD, from Thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our FATHER and our Friend!

John Thompson,
[1810].

8.6.

15

- 1 **B**EYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou, my GOD, art nigh:

God:

- 2 Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main:
- 3 These speak of Thee, with loud acclaim
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways;
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.
- 4 I hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
But still Thou art not there:
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?
- 5 O! not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His SPIRIT rest:
O come, Thou Presence Infinite!
And make Thy creature blest.

**Josiah Conder,
1789—1855.*

16

8.7.

- 1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator!
Praise be Thine from every tongue!
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song:

In Creation and Providence.

Father, Source of all compassion !
Free unbounded grace is Thine ;
Hail the GOD of our salvation !
Praise Him for His love divine.

- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound JEHOVAH'S praise on high ;
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise,
There enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett,
1739—1817.

C.M.

17

- 1 I SING the almighty power of GOD
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the LORD,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures by His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 LORD, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye !
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

God :

- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known :
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He guides me with His eye :
Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh ?

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

18

S.M.

- 1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
JEHOVAH is the sovereign GOD,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at His throne ;
Come, bow before the LORD ;
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.
- 4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod :
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious GOD.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

In Creation and Providence.

10.11.

19

- 1 **M**Y soul, praise the LORD, speak good of
His name;
His mercies record, His bounties proclaim;
To GOD their Creator let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of
praise.
- 2 Though hidden from sight GOD sits on His
throne,
Yet here by His works their Author is known;
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.
- 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
GOD governs the earth with gracious design;
O'er beast, bird, and insect, His providence
reigns
Whose will first created, Whose love still
sustains.
- 4 And man, His last work, with reason endued,
Who, fallen through sin, by grace is re-
newed—
To GOD, his Creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of
praise.

Thomas Park,
1760—1835.

L.M.

20

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

B

God :

The unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

**Joseph Addison,*
1672—1719.

21

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of GOD above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How GOD Himself is found.

In Creation and Providence.

- 3 The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 One Name above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
- 6 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy SPIRIT'S viewless way.
- 7 Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

**John Keble,*
1792—1866.

L.M.

22

- 1 **W**E thank Thee, LORD, for this fair
earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea ;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

God :

- 2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
- 3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, FATHER, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy SPIRIT'S might.
- 4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

*Bishop G. E. L. Cotton,
[1862].*

23

S.M.

- 1 **L**ET all the world rejoice,
The great JEHOVAH reigns ;
The thunders are His awful voice ;
Our life His will ordains :
He rules by sea and land,
O'er boundless realms He sways,
He holds the oceans in His hand,
And mighty mountains weighs.
- 2 The universe He made
By His prevailing might ;
The earth's foundations He hath laid,
And scattered ancient night ;
Glad was the angel throng
To see His might prevail,
And loud they sung a joyful song,
This universe to hail.

In Creation and Providence.

- 3 And this fair world shall die,
The creature of a day ;
In ashes and in ruins lie,
Its glory passed away :
But ever fixed, the throne
Of the Eternal One
Shall stand, when all creation's gone,
Unequalled, and alone.

**John Hunt,*
[1853].

10.11.

24

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King all glorious
above,
O gratefully sing His power and His love,
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with
praise !
- 2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy
space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.
- 3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless
decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the
sea.

God :

- 4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the
plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
- 6 O measureless Might! Ineffable Love!
While Angels delight to hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation, though feeble their
lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant,
1785—1838.

25

L.M.

- 1 UP to the LORD, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.
- 2 He that can shake the worlds He made,
Or with His word, or with His rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending GOD!
- 3 GOD, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth He casts His eyes,
And bends His footsteps downwards too.

In Providence and Grace.

- 4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows His counsels and His cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our GOD;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.
- 6 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise!

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

L.M.

26

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal GOD,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

God :

- 4 My GOD! how excellent Thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
 The sons of Adam in distress
 Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of Thy house
 We shall be fed with sweet repast;
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of the LORD;
 And in Thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in Thy word.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

27

C.M.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
 My GOD, my heavenly King;
 Let age to age Thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 GOD reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
 And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait,
 On Thee for daily food;
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

In Providence and Grace.

- 4 How kind are Thy compassions, LORD!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste Thy richer grace
Delight to bless Thy name.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

C.M.

28

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, GOD of love,
My FATHER, and my GOD!
I'll sing the honours of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise abroad.
- 2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.
- 3 In all these mercies may my soul
A FATHER's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts Thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from Thee.
- 4 Teach me in time of deep distress
To own Thy hand, my GOD!
And in submissive silence hear
The lessons of Thy rod.

God :

- 5 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 6 Then shall I close mine eyes in death,
Without one anxious fear;
For death itself is life, my GOD,
If Thou art with me there.

Ottiwell Heginbotham,
1744—1768.

29

C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my GOD!
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

In Providence and Grace.

- 5 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renewed my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Revived my soul with grace.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 7 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O LORD,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 9 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
For O ! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

**Joseph Addison,*
1672—1719.

L.M.

30

- 1 **G**OD of my life ! through all its days
 My grateful powers shall sound Thy
 praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

God :

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall
break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies.
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round Thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

**Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751.*

31

C.M.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless Thy name,
My King, my GOD of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

In Providence and Grace.

- 2 Great is the LORD, His power unknown,
And let His praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of Thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach Thy name,
And children learn Thy ways;
Ages to come Thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound Thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, Thy heavenly state,
With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is managed by Thy hands,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And Thine Eternal Kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

L.M.

32

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, LORD, Thy goodness
reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

God :

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress!
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless!
Praise Him! praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness!
- 3 Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows!
- 4 Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone;
But while mortals rise and perish,
GOD endures unchanging on:
Praise Him! praise Him,
Praise the High Eternal One!
- 5 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him! praise Him,
Praise with us the GOD of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte.
1793—1847.

35

C.M.

- 1 **L**IFT up to GOD the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fired.

The Divine Love.

- 2 Lift up to GOD the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompassed round
With death's unnumbered pains.
- 3 Lift up to GOD the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies
With benefits unsought.
- 4 Lift up to GOD the voice of praise,
From Whom salvation flows;
Who sent His SON our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 5 Lift up to GOD the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

**Ralph Wardlaw,*
1779—1853.

8.7.

36

1 **G**OD is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

2 Death and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

God :

- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove,
From the cloud His brightness streameth :
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth :
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

Sir John Bowring,
1792—1872.

37

C.M.

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
Thou dost with sinners bear
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast unfathomable sea
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

The Divine Love.

5 Faithful, O LORD, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure,
And while the truth of GOD remains
The goodness must endure.

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

8.7.4.

38

1 GOD is Love! by Him upholden
G Hang the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Speaking to us day and night
Their great story,
GOD is Love, and GOD is Might.

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back from hill and grove
Her glad story,
GOD is Might, and GOD is Love.

3 With these anthems of creation
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of CHRIST'S salvation
To the world with blessings rife
Tell their story,
GOD is Love, and GOD is Life.

God:

- 4 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move;
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the Life of life above;
Our glad story,
GOD is Life, and GOD is Love.

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

39

S.M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 GOD will not always chide,
And when His strokes are felt
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the LORD
To those that fear His Name
Is such as tender parents feel,
He knows our feeble frame.

The Divine Love.

- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath ;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But Thy compassions, LORD,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

C.M.

40

- 1 **T**HOU, LORD, art Love, and everywhere
Thy Name is brightly shown ;
Beneath, on earth Thy footstool fair,
Above, in heaven Thy throne.
- 2 Thy word is love—in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace ;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.
- 3 Thy ways are love—though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind through darkness to their end
In everlasting light.

God :

- 4 Thy thoughts are love—and JESUS is
The loving voice they find,
His Life lights up the vast abyss
Of the Eternal Mind.
- 5 Thy chastisements are love—more deep
They stamp the seal Divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.
- 6 Thy heaven is the abode of love
O blessèd LORD, that we
May there, when time's dim shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee !

James Drummond Burns,
1823—1864.

41

C.M.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing GOD.
- 3 Proclaim "Salvation from the LORD
For wretched, dying men,"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

The Divine Love.

- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines,
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 O might I hear Thine heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art Mine,"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

8.7.

42

- 1 PRAISE the LORD! ye heavens, adore
Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
- 2 Praise the LORD! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath He made.
- 3 Praise the LORD! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
GOD hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

God :

- 4 Praise the GOD of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name !
- 5 Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
LORD, we offer unto Thee ;
Young and old, Thy praise confessing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
- 6 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy throne ;
As Thine angels serve before Thee,
So on earth Thy will be done !

John Kempihorne,
1775—1838.

43

8's.

- 1 GREAT GOD of wonders ! all Thy ways
Are matchless, God-like, and divine ;
But the fair glories of Thy grace
More God-like and unrivalled shine :
Who is a pardoning GOD like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty, daring ones to spare,
This is Thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share :
Who is a pardoning GOD like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

The Divine Love.

- 3 In wonder lost, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our GOD,
Pardon for crimes of deepest dye,
A pardon bought with JESUS' blood :
Who is a pardoning GOD like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?
- 4 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This God-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all the angelic choirs above :
Who is a pardoning GOD like Thee ?
Or who has grace so rich and free ?

Samuel Davies,
1724—1761.

7's.

44

- 1 **F**OR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise !
- 2 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise !

God :

- 3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise!
- 4 For Thyself, best gift divine
To our race so freely given!
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise!

John Pierpont,
1785—1866.

45

L.M.

- 1 **O** LOVE of GOD, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.
- 2 O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
- 3 We read thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.

The Divine Love.

- 4 We read thee best in Him Who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the FATHER from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 5 O Love of GOD, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

**Horatius Bonar,*
1808—

P.M.

46

- 1 THE GOD of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And GOD of love—
JEHOVAH, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confest;
I bow, and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.
- 2 The GOD of Abraham praise,
At Whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The GOD of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways;

God :

He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my GOD !
And He will save me to the end,
Through JESUS' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall on eagles' wings upborne
To heaven ascend ;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

5 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His almighty grace
For ever new ;
He shows His prints of love ;
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the world above
The slaughtered LAMB.

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to GOD on high,
"Hail, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST !"
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's GOD and mine !
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise !

Thomas Olivers,
1725—1799.

The Divine Love.

7's.

47

- ¹ **L**ET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the LORD, for He is kind,
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- ² He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light,
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- ³ Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run,
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- ⁴ And the moon to shine by night
'Mongst her spangled sisters bright,
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- ⁵ All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need,
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- ⁶ He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery,
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- ⁷ Let us therefore warble forth
His might, majesty, and worth;
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton,
1608—1674.

CHRIST, OUR SAVIOUR.

48

8.7-

- 1 **L**ET us sing the grand old story,
And in singing learn the love
Flowing through it to the guilty
From our pardoning GOD above.
- 2 **CHRIST, the FATHER'S SON** eternal,
Once was born a son of man ;
He who never knew beginning
Here on earth a life began.
- 3 Here in David's lowly city,
Tenant of the manger-bed,
Child of everlasting ages,
Mary's infant, lays His head.
- 4 Here at Nazareth He dwelleth,
'Mid the sin of sinful men,
Sorrowful, forlorn, and hated,
And yet hating none again.
- 5 Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around Him,
Shine with heaven's most glorious light.
- 6 On to Calvary He hastens ;
Hark to His forsaken cry !
Sinless, He our sin is bearing,
GOD for man consents to die.

His Incarnation.

- 7 "*It is finished !*" See His body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb ;
'Tis for us He lieth yonder,
Prince of Light enwrapped in gloom.
- 8 But in vain the grave has bound Him,
Death has barred its gate in vain :
See, for us the Saviour rises ;
See, for us He bursts the chain.
- 9 Sing we still the grand old story,
True as GOD's all-faithful word,
Best of tidings to the guilty,
Of a dead and risen LORD.

**Horatius Bonar,*
1808—

L.M.

49

- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretched
abroad,
From everlasting was the Word :
With GOD He was ; the Word was GOD,
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By His own power were all things made ;
By Him supported all things stand :
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at His command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars ;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of Thy years ?)

Christ, our Saviour:

- 4 But lo! He leaves that heavenly train,
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That He may hold converse with men,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld His face,
The eternal FATHER'S only SON;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through His eyes the Godhead
shone!
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending GOD,
The glories of Immanuel.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

50

C.M.

- 1 **I**N heaven a rapturous song was heard
Of sweet seraphic praise,
When JESUS in our flesh appeared
A fallen world to raise.
- 2 The theme, the song, the joy was new
To each angelic tongue;
Swift through the realms of light it flew,
And loud the echo rung.
- 3 Down through the portals of the sky
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

The Incarnation.

- 4 Hark! how the shining legions shout,
 "Glory to God!" their song,
 "Good-will and peace" are heard throughout
 The impetuous heavenly throng.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat
 "Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are now complete,
 JESUS was born to die!
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail,
 Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though life, and earth, and time must fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

Samuel Medley,
1738—1799.

C.M.

51

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
 comes,
 The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoners to release
 In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
 To pour celestial day.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name!

*Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751.

52

10's.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy
morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of GOD Incarnate, of the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,
"Behold,
*I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised
word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."*

The Incarnation.

- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial
choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs
rang;
GOD'S highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill.
- 4 O may we keep and ponder in our mind
GOD'S wondrous love in saving lost mankind!
Trace we the Babe Who hath retrieved
our loss
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes
place.
- 5 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:
He That was born upon this joyful day
Around us all His glory shall display;
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

John Byrom,
1691—1763.

7's.

53

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconciled!

Christ, our Saviour:

- Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem!
- 2 CHRIST, by highest heaven adored;
CHRIST, the everlasting LORD;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
JESUS, our Immanuel!
- 3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings:
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home!
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head!
Sing we then, with angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven!

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

Altered (?) by Martin Madan,
[1760].

The Incarnation.

8.7.4.

54

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
GOD with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.
- 4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the LORD descending
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now repeals the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains!
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST the new-born King.

**James Montgomery,
1771—1854.*

Christ, our Saviour:

55

C.M.

- 1 **I**NFINITE pity touched the heart
Of the eternal SON,
Descending from the heavenly court
He left His FATHER'S throne.
- 2 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapped His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 3 His living power and dying love
Redeemed unhappy men,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and GOD again.
- 4 To Thee, dear LORD, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blessed JESUS, take us for Thine own,
For we are doubly Thine.
- 5 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak Thy deserved praise.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

56

C.M.

- 1 **J**OY to the world! the LORD is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

The Incarnation.

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

8.7.

57

- 1 **F**IRST in the great benediction,
Come, ye poor ones of the earth!
Rich instead in heavenly treasures,
Hail the Saviour's glorious birth!
Mourners, come! the Man of sorrows
Who endured a life-long cross,
Risen waits His kingdom's coming
To restore in heaven your loss.
- 2 Blessèd weak ones! praise Him gladly,
Celebrate His lowly birth;
Not in gold or purple raiment
Walked your King upon the earth:
Merciful, whate'er your calling
Laying up a deathless crown!
Praise Him for His gracious coming,
For His deed of mercy done.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 3 Blessèd children pure in spirit,
Lambs of CHRIST'S own flock are ye!
Praise Him that He came among us
In His holy infancy:
Peace makers, our GOD'S own children!
Come with holy love and joy,
At this feast of sacred gladness
Let His praise your hearts employ!
- 4 Join in one full adoration,
Far and wide, o'er land and sea!
Vain our pride and wealth and station,
Prayer and praise to all are free!
May they mingle, e'en though faintly,
With the angel-song on high,
"Glory, honour, praise, and worship
To the blessed TRINITY!"

58

L.M.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR! Thou in love didst make
Thyself incarnate for our sake,
To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife.
- 2 Thou in our very flesh didst come,
And make this sinful earth Thy home,
All human life to soothe and save
Up from the cradle to the grave.
- 3 There's not an hour of life below,
A want, a weakness, or a woe,
In which, to help the human heart,
Thou didst not bear Thyself a part.

The Incarnation.

- 4 Thou Who wast rich, becoming poor
To give us riches that endure;
Thou Who wast high, becoming low
That we might to Thy stature grow.
- 5 Thou, GOD of heaven, by human birth,
A Man of sorrows upon earth,
That we may draw our best relief,
From Thy dear fellowship in grief.
- 6 Lowly to us, O LORD, as Thou
In Thy humility dost bow,
So high our nature lift with Thine,
Till human things become divine!

*John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

L.M.

59

- 1 **T**HOU blest Creator of the world,
Redeemer of our fallen race,
True SON OF GOD, in Whom we see
The brightness of the FATHER'S face!
- 2 What moved Thee, Saviour, to descend,
And make our mortal flesh Thine own?
What called the second Adam forth,
For the first Adam to atone?
- 3 Thy love! the mighty love, which made
Sea, stars, the earth, and all therein,
Took pity on our lost estate,
And brake the bondage of our sin.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 4 O JESUS! in Thy heart divine
That self-same love doth ever glow;
For ever mercy to mankind
Doth from that ceaseless fountain flow.
- 5 To Thee, Creator, Saviour, Son,
All honour, praise, dominion, be!
With FATHER and with HOLY GHOST,
For ever One eternally!

Rendered from the Latin.

60

C.M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and LORD;
With cherubim and seraphim
Exalt the Incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood our life, Thy word our feast,
Thy Name our only plea.
- 3 Hosanna! Master, lo! we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.
- 4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

The Incarnation.

- 5 O Saviour! if, redeemed by Thee,
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas, through eternity,
We'll sing to harps of gold.

**William Henry Havergal,
1793—1870.*

7's.

61

- 1 **A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious GOD, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.
- 2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.
- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST, to Thee, our heavenly King.
- 4 Holy JESUS! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

**William Chatterton Dix,
1837—*

62

L.M.

- 1 **N**OW in a song of grateful praise
To JESUS we our voices raise;
JESUS Who deigned on earth to dwell,
Who while on earth did all things well.
- 2 Wisdom and power and love divine
In all His works unrivalled shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That He alone did all things well.
- 3 Howe'er mysterious are His ways,
Or dark and sorrowful our days,
And though our spirit oft rebel,
We know He still does all things well.
- 4 And when we stand before His throne,
And all His ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall swell,
That JESUS has done all things well.

*Samuel Medley,
1738—1799.*

His Ministry on Earth.

8.7.

63

- 1 **E**VER would I fain be reading
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.
- 2 How when children came He blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms and pressed them
To His heart with words of love.
- 3 How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and His own.
- 4 How no contrite soul e'er sought Him,
And was bidden to depart,
How with gentle words He taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.
- 5 Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.
- 6 How the flock He gently leadeth
Whom His FATHER gave Him here;
How His arms He widely spreadeth
To His heart to draw us near.
- 7 Let me kneel, my LORD, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,
Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe!

*Rendered from the German of Luise Hensel,
by Catherine Winkworth.*

[1858.]

64

7's.

- 1 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below
Pity in His bosom reigned;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Round Him thronged the blind, the lame,
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blessed.
- 3 He could make the leper whole;
Thousands at a meal He fed;
Winds and waves He could control;
By a word He raised the dead.
- 4 **L**ORD, to me Thy blessing give,
Hungering, sick, and faint I come;
Let me in Thy presence live,
Lead me to my heavenly home.
- 5 Be Thy love to me revealed,
Be Thy grace by me possessed,
Touch me and I shall be healed,
Bless me and I shall be blessed.

John Ryland.

1753—1825.

65

C.M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and didst Thou condescend
When veiled in human clay
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

His Ministry on Earth.

- 2 Didst Thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
JESUS, thou son of David, hear!
Have mercy too on me.
- 3 And didst Thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, LORD, and save my soul
Which needs Thy mercy more.
- 4 Didst Thou regard Thy servant's cry
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, LORD, O save my soul,
For Thou alone canst save!

Am———*a*,
[1827.]

7's.

66

- 1 JESUS, Saviour! Thou dost know
U All the depth of human woe;
Thou hast shed the bitter tear,
Thou hast felt the withering fear.
- 2 For the iron of our sin
To Thy heart hath entered in;
All its festering anguish keen,
Holy Saviour, Thine hath been.
- 3 Thou our Brother art, and we
With our sorrows come to Thee;
Thou wilt not, for us Who died,
From our misery turn aside.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 4 JESUS, save! the floods are nigh;
To Thine open arms we fly;
Sure the waters will not dare
Overwhelm our spirits there.
- 5 No! the raging waves subside,
Thou hast checked the rising tide,
All our woes obey Thy will,
While Thou whisperest, "*Peace, be still!*"

Caroline Dent,
[1854.]

67

C.M.

- 1 **T**HINE arm, O LORD, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.
- 2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the LORD of Light:
And now O LORD, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.
- 3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look,
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in Nature's book,

His Ministry on Earth.

Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

- 4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou LORD of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

**Edward Hayes Plumptre,
1821—*

S.M.

68

- 1 **F**IERCE was the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Failed the disciples' hearts with fear
Though Thou, their LORD, wast nigh.
- 2 But at the stern rebuke
Of Thine almighty word
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee GOD and LORD.
- 3 So now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terror fill,
Arise and be our helper, LORD,
And speak Thy "*Peace, be still!*"
- 4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that appalling hour.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 5 And when amid the signs
 Which speak Thine advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
 Fills faithless hearts with fear ;
- 6 May we all undismayed
 The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads, and hail with joy
 The storm that heralds Thee.

Hyde Wyndham Beadon,
[1863].

69

'C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Galilean fishers toil
 All night, and nothing take ;
But JESUS comes,—a wondrous spoil
 Is lifted from the lake ;
- 2 LORD, when our labours are in vain,
 And vain the help of men,
When fruitless is our care and pain,
 Come, blessèd JESUS, then !
- 3 The night is dark, the surges fill
 The bark, the wild winds roar ;
But JESUS comes, and all is still,—
 The ship is at the shore ;
- 4 O LORD, when storms around us howl,
 And all is dark and drear,
In all the tempests of the soul,
 O blessèd JESUS, hear !

His Ministry on Earth.

- 5 A frail one, thrice denying Thee,
Saw mercy in Thine eyes ;
The penitent upon the tree,
Was borne to Paradise ;
- 6 In hours of sin and deep distress
O show us, LORD, Thy face ;
In penitential loneliness
O give us, JESUS, grace !
- 7 The faithful few retire in fear
To their closed upper room ;
But suddenly, with joyful cheer,
They see their Master come.
- 8 LORD, come to us, unloose our bands,
And bid our terrors cease,
Lift over us Thy blessed hands,
Speak, holy JESUS, peace !

**Bishop Christopher Wordsworth,
1807—*

C.M.

70

- 1 **O** WHERE is He that trod the sea ?
O where is He that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead their slumbers break ?
The palsied rise in freedom strong,
The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes benighted long
Bright beams of morning spring ?
- 2 O where is He that trod the sea ?
O where is He that spake,
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake ?

Christ, our Saviour:

And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire;
And strong ones heal the weak, who waste
Their life in sad desire?

- 3 O where is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,
And dark waves, rolling heavily,
A glassy smoothness take?
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A living loathsome grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry "Tis He can save!"
- 4 O where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save:
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal He gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread,
And harvest when He brake.
- 5 O where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the LORD is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear,
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy;
Art thou diseased, or dumb,
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith CHRIST, "I come!"

**Thomas Toke Lynch,
1818—1871.*

His Ministry on Earth.

C.M.

71

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! where in the Friend of man
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in JESUS met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was His divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all His friends
A friend and servant found,
He washed their feet, He wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn
Patient and meek He stood ;
His foes ungrateful sought His life,
He laboured for their good.
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before His FATHER'S throne,
With soul resigned, He bowed and said,
" *Thy will, not Mine, be done !*"
- 6 Be CHRIST our pattern and our guide,
His image may we bear !
O may we tread His sacred steps,
And His bright glories share !

William Enfield,
1741—1797.

Christ, our Saviour:

72

C.M.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR, Whom the FATHER'S love
Gave to our world below;
To mortal toil, privations rough,
And more than mortal woe!
- 2 Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation, tried;
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died:
- 3 If gaily clothed and proudly fed
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of Thy manger bed
And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 If pressed by poverty severe
In anxious want we pine,
O may Thy SPIRIT whisper near,
How poor a lot was Thine!
- 5 Through this life's ever-varying scene
From sin preserve us free;
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

*Bishop Reginald Heber,
1783—1826.*

73

L.M.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my LORD!
I read my duty in Thy word,
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

His Ministry on Earth.

2 'Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy FATHER'S will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern, make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here,
Then GOD the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the LAMB.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

C.M.

74

1 JESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a Name is given—
A Name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven.

2 Before Whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord ;
Before Whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that Thou art LORD.

3 JESUS, Who in the form of GOD
Could'st equal honour claim,
Yet to redeem our guilty souls
Didst stoop to death and shame ;

Christ, our Saviour:

- 4 O may that mind in us be formed
Which shone so bright in Thee;
A humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.
- 5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above.

Thomas Cotterill,
1779—1823.

75

C.M.

- 1 **W**HAT grace, O LORD, and beauty
shone
Around Thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!
- 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle murmuring word
Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.
- 4 O give us hearts to love like Thee,
Like Thee, O LORD, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive!

His Ministry on Earth.

- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye,
In us, Thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, LORD, with Thee.

**Sir Edward Denny,
[? 1839].*

C.M.

76

- 1 LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee
And pray to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us through good report and ill
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our FATHER'S will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"FATHER, Thy will be done."
- 5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
 Forgiving and forgiven,
 O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
 And follow Thee to heaven!

**John Hampden Gurney,
1802—1862.*

77

C.M.

- 1 **O** MEAN may seem this house of clay,
 Yet 'twas the LORD'S abode;
 Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
 Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the LORD did wear;
 This watch the LORD did keep;
 These burdens sore the LORD did bear;
 These tears the LORD did weep.
- 3 This world the Master overcame,
 This death the LORD did die;
 He bore our sins, He took our shame,
 In our dark bed did lie.
- 4 Our very frailty brings us near
 Unto the LORD of heaven;
 To every grief, to every tear
 Such glory strange is given.
- 5 But not this fleshly robe alone
 Shall link us, LORD, to Thee;
 Not only in the tear and groan
 Shall the dear kindred be.

His Ministry on Earth.

- 6 Thou to our woe Who down did'st come,
Who one with us would'st be,
Wilt lift us to Thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with Thee.
- 7 Thou Who wast clothed in our clay,
And stricken in our stead,
Wilt put on us Thy bright array,
Thy joy on us wilt shed.
- 8 O mighty grace, our life to live
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, Thy heaven to give,
And lift our life to Thine!
- 9 Yes, strange the gifts and marvellous
By Thee received and given!
Thou tookest woe and death for us,
And we receive Thy heaven.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

C.M.

78

- 1 **I**N all things like Thy brethren Thou
Wast made, yet free from sin;
But how unlike to us O LORD!
Replies the voice within!
- 2 O holy GOD yet frail weak man!
'Tis not for us to know
How spotless soul and body felt
Temptation, pain, and woe.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 3 Our faith is weak; O Light of light,
Clear Thou our clouded view!
That, Son of Man and SON OF GOD!
We give Thee honour due.
- 4 O Son of Man! Thyself hast proved
Our trials and our tears,
Life's thankless toil and scant repose,
Death's agonies and fears.
- 5 O SON OF GOD! in glory raised
Thou sittest on Thy throne;
Thence by Thy pleadings and Thy grace
Still succouring Thine own.
- 6 Brother and Saviour, Friend and Judge!
To Thee, O CHRIST, be given
To bind upon Thy crown the names
Elect in earth and heaven!

Joseph Anstice,
1808—1836.

79

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE SON OF GOD! the LORD of life!
How wondrous are His ways!
O for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad His praise!
- 2 How passing strange, to leave the seat
Of heaven's eternal throne,
And hosts of glittering seraphim,
For guilty man alone!

His Passion and Death.

- 3 And did He bow His sacred head,
And die a death of shame?
Let men and angels magnify
And bless His holy name!
- 4 O let us live in peace and love,
And cast away our pride,
And crucify our sins afresh
As He was crucified!
- 5 He rose again; then let us rise
From sin, and CHRIST adore,
And dwell in peace with all mankind,
And tempt the LORD no more:
- 6 The SON OF GOD! the LORD of life!
How wondrous are His ways!
O for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad His praise!

**George Mogridge,
[1851].*

C.M.

80

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was GOD's eternal SON!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes
To raise us to His throne,
There's ne'er a gift His hand bestows
But cost His heart a groan.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 3 This was compassion like a GOD,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though He reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well He remembers Calvary,
Nor let His saints forget!
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record;
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the LORD.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

81

8.6.8.

- 1 **H**E knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but His FATHER'S eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony;
The LORD of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
- 2 The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
Thus to o'ershadow Him!
That He who gave man's breath might
know
The very depths of human woe.

His Passion and Death.

- 3 He proved them all : the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gathered round His head ;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
“ *Take, if Thou wilt, this cup away.*”
- 4 He feared, although the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread ;
He feared, although to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead ;
Till there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.
- 5 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may we meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way ?
Through Him, through Him that path Who
trod ;
Save, or we perish, SON OF GOD !

Felicia Dorothea Hemans,
1794—1835.

6.6.8.

82

- 1 THOU, who didst stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality,
Thy blessed labours done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home
on high.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 2 It was no path of flowers
 Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the FATHER, Thou didst tread!
 And shall we in dismay
 Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it
 spread?
- 3 O Thou Who art our Life!
 Be with us through the strife,
Thine own meek head by rudest storms was
 bowed;
 Raise Thou our eyes above
 To see a FATHER'S love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the
 cloud.
- 4 E'en through the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead
 to Thee!

Sarah Miles,
1827—

83

7.6.

- 1 **A** H Head, so pierced and wounded,
 So full of pain and scorn!
Ah Head, in jest surrounded
 With a sharp crown of thorn!
Ah Head, once wreathed with glory,
 And bright with shining rays!
Now mocked and scorned, before thee
 I bow in silent praise.

His Passion and Death.

- 2 O LORD, my soul's true Lover,
What bliss dost Thou bestow
By making me discover
My weal in Thy sad woe!
While all are Thee forsaking,
I will with Thee abide;
And when Thy heart is breaking,
I will not leave Thy side.
- 3 With all my heart, O JESUS,
I thank Thee, best of friends!
Whose death and passion frees us
From death that never ends:
O grant that I may ever
Abide, dear LORD, in Thee;
Nor let e'en death dis sever
My faithful soul from Thee.
- 4 When I depart be nigh me,
Nor e'er depart from me;
Nor when I die deny me
The strength I need from Thee:
When life within is sinking,
And death is at my heart,
Then arm with faith unshrinking,
And all Thy life impart.

*Rendered from the German of
Paul Gerhardt,
1606—1676:
by him from the Latin of
Bernard of Clairvaux,
1091—1153.*

Christ, our Saviour:

84

8's.

- 1 **D**ESPISED is the Man of grief,
Rejected and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows He hath borne,
For whom He suffers bitter scorn,
The cruel hate, the scourge, the thorn.
- 2 All we, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way;
But He endured affliction's rod,
And death's dark path submissive trod,
To lead our stricken souls to GOD.
- 3 O let us cast each vice away,
Beneath the cross each passion lay;
With contrite heart and weeping eye,
Behold the Saviour lifted high,
And every sin and folly fly!

*Bishop Reginald Heber,
1783—1826.*

85

L.M.

- 1 **O** COME and mourn with me awhile;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come, together let us mourn;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff, and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.

His Passion and Death.

- 3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men ;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.
- 4 Come let us stand beneath the cross,
Taught by the woe whereof He died
How deep our guilt, how vast His love ;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.
- 5 O love of GOD, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love ;
JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.
- 6 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
LORD JESUS, may we love and weep,
Since Thou for us wast crucified.

Frederick William Faber.
1815—1863.

L.M.

86

- 1 "TIS finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His head, and
died.
"Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "Tis finished!" all that heaven foretold
By prophets in the days of old,
And truths are opened to our view
That kings and prophets never knew.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 3 "'Tis finished!" SON OF GOD! Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.

1st verse by — Stennett.

87

7's.

- 1 DAY of loss and day of gain,
Day of peace and day of pain,
We would think of Thee again!
- 2 Then did death, which struck so high,
Doom its very self to die
In the hour of victory;
- 3 CHRIST, on the accursèd tree
Bound to set the sinner free,
Triumphed in His agony.
- 4 Wonder of all wonders known!
CHRIST upon the cross alone
Made the whole world's sins His own!
- 5 All our sins with awful power
Like a cloud did o'er Him lower
In that God-forsaken hour.
- 6 Wilt Thou pardon us, and pray,
As for those who on that day
Took Thy precious life away?
- 7 LORD! Thy work is all my plea,
Thou didst live and die for me,
Therefore to Thy cross I flee.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE SON OF GOD in mi
Came down to Bethle
Forsook His throne of light
An Infant upon earth to b
- 2 In love the FATHER'S sinles
Sojourn'd at Nazareth for
With sinners dwelt the Und
The Holy One in Galilee.
- 3 JESUS, Whom angel-hosts a
Became a Man of griefs f
In love, though rich, becomi
That I through Him enric
- 4 Though LORD of all, above,
He went to Olivet for me,
There drank the cup of drea
When bleeding in Gethse
- 5 The ever blessèd SON OF GO
Went up to Calvary for m
There took my sins and bor
In His own body on the t
- 6 JESUS, Whose dwelling is th
Went down into the grav
There overcame my enemies
There won the glorious vi
- 7 In love the whole dark path
To consecrate a way for n
Each bitter footstep marked
From Bethlehem to Calva

Thy power
out;
v see
Thee.
se by — Stennett.

7's

of gain,
a day of pain,
e again!
struck so high,
lie

ed tree
er free,
ony.

ers known!
ss alone
d's sins His own!

ful power
r Him lower
n hour.

us, and pray,
a that day
life away?

s all my plea,
l die for me,
ross I flee.

John Samuel Bewley Mansell.
1811—1875.

- 1 **C**ROWN Him with many crowns,
 The LAMB upon His throne!
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own:
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of Him who died for thee;
And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.
- 2 Crown Him the LORD of love!
 Behold His hands and side,
Those wounds yet visible above,
 In beauty glorified;
 In Him our nature there
 Reigns in the highest place,
And heaven's divinest honours are
 The prints of earth's disgrace.
- 3 Crown Him the LORD of life!
 Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife,
 For those He came to save:
 His glories now we sing,
 Who died and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
 And lives that death may die!
- 4 Crown Him the LORD of peace!
 Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
 And all be love and praise:

His Passion and Death.

His reign shall know no end ;
And round His piercèd feet
The thousand tones of earth shall blend,
In concord ever sweet.

- 5 Crown Him the LORD of might,
The King of Kings alone,
Maker of all, serene and bright,
On His eternal throne ;
On the broad sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His throne, the Infinite !
Who lives, and loves, and saves !

- 6 Crown Him the LORD of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
The King to whom alone is given
The wondrous name of Love !
All hail ! Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges,
[1852].

L.M.

90

- ¹ **W**E sing the praise of Him who died ;
Of Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

- ² Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, "*God is love.*"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 3 The cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes the terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

**Thomas Kelly,
1769—1855.*

91

8.7.8.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to GOD:
This was boundless love indeed!
JESUS is a friend in need.

His Passion and Death.

- 3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls us brethren, friends,
And to all our wants attends.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, LORD, at length to love!
~~We~~ We, alas, forget too often
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Thee as we ought.

**John Newton,*
1725—1807.

C.M.

92

- 1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “Worthy the LAMB that died,” they cry,
“To be exalted thus:”
“Worthy the LAMB,” our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.
- 3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

93

L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
To Thee, O LORD our GOD, the
LAMB,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy Name?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Life that groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At His Almighty FATHER'S side.
- 3 Power and dominion are His due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to JESUS too,
Though He was charged with madness
here.
- 4 All riches are His native right;
Yet He sustained amazing loss;
To Him ascribe eternal might
Who left His weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around His head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

His Resurrection.

- 6 Blessings for ever on the LAMB,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!
Let angels sound His sacred Name,
And every creature say, Amen!

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

C.M.

94

- 1 **A** WAKE, glad soul! awake! awake!
Thy LORD hath risen long,
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal Spring.
- 2 O love! which lightens all distress,
Love, death cannot destroy;
O grave! whose very emptiness
To faith is full of joy;
Let but that love our hearts supply
From heaven's exhaustless Spring,
Then, grave, where is thy victory?
And, death, where is thy sting?
- 3 The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection-day,
Henceforth in CHRIST are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey;
In CHRIST we live, in CHRIST we sleep,
In CHRIST we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 4 Then wake, glad heart! awake! awake!
And seek thy risen LORD;
Joy in His resurrection take,
And comfort in His word;
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"CHRIST died and rose for me."

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

95

7's.

- 1 "CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day,"
Sons of men, and angels, say;
Raise your songs of triumph high!
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
CHRIST has burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids His rise;
CHRIST has opened Paradise!
- 3 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?
- 4 Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,
Following our exalted Head!
Made like Him, like Him we rise!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

His Resurrection and Ascension.

- 5 Hail the LORD of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail! the Resurrection, Thou!

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

L.M.

96

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
To great JEHOVAH'S equal SON!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders He hath done.
- 2 Sing how He left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes He wore above;
How swift and joyful was His flight
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
That He might give us second birth,
JESUS, the GOD, was born to die.
- 4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The almighty Captive prisoner lay;
The almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- 5 Among a thousand harps and songs,
JESUS, our LORD, exalted reigns;
His sacred Name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

*Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

Christ, our Saviour:

97

7.8.

- 1 JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
JESUS lives! and this we know,
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
- 2 JESUS lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.
- 3 JESUS lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
- 4 JESUS lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from His keeping ever.
- 5 JESUS lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.

*Rendered from the German of
Christian Fürchtegott Gellert.*

1715—1769.

*by Frances Elizabeth Cox,
[1841].*

98

8.7.

- 1 HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah! Hearts to
heaven and voices raise;
Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness, sing to
GOD a hymn of praise;

His Resurrection and Ascension.

He Who on the cross a Victim for the world's
salvation bled,
JESUS CHRIST, the King of glory, now is risen
from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken, CHRIST from
death to life is born,
Glorious life, and life immortal, on the holy
Easter morn :

CHRIST has triumphed, and we conquer by
His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal by His resur-
rection rise.

3 CHRIST is risen, CHRIST the first-fruits of the
holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance at His
second coming yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest will their
heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine, from the
furrows of the grave.

4 CHRIST is risen, we are risen ! Shed upon
us heavenly grace,
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory from
the brightness of Thy face,
So that we, with hearts in heaven, here on
earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered, and be
ever, LORD, with Thee.

**Bishop Christopher Wordsworth,*
1807—

- 1 **T**O CHRIST be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 2 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail that welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With His expiring breath.
- 4 And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath His powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 5 Exalted high at GOD's right hand,
The LORD of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.
- 6 And still for erring guilty man
A Brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched,
With memory of our woes.
- 7 To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live!

**Anna Latitia Barbauld,
1743—1825.*

His Ministry in Heaven.

7's.

100

- 1 HAIL the day that sees Him rise
To His throne above the skies :
CHRIST, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends His native heaven.
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits :
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in !
- 3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant LORD, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin ;
Take the King of glory in !
- 4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 5 See, He lifts His hands above !
See, He shows the prints of love !
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below !
- 6 Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 7 LORD ! though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

Christ, our Saviour:

101

C.M.

- 1 **T**HE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone up
Unto His FATHER'S side.
- 2 Thou art gone in before us, LORD!
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.
- 3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks upon the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.
- 4 Lift up our thoughts, lift up our songs,
And let Thy grace be given
That while we linger yet below
Our hearts may be in heaven.
- 5 That where Thou art, at GOD'S right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Cecil Frances Alexander,
[? 1858].

102

7's.

- 1 **C**HRIST to heaven is gone before
In the human frame He wore;
He that as our Brother died
Is our Brother glorified.

His Ministry in Heaven.

- 2 All the angels wondering own
'Tis our nature on the throne:
 "How He lovèd them, behold!"
 Trembles on the harps of gold.
- 3 Fear not ye of little faith,
For He hath abolished death;
 Henceforth, nevermore we die,
 We but follow CHRIST on high.
- 4 And before each fainting one
Dreading the dark way alone,
 Now appear His footsteps bright,
 Far diffusing holiest light.
- 5 As our Shepherd He is there,
With the comfort of His care;
 Fear no evil, doubt no more,
 CHRIST to heaven is gone before.

George Rawson,
[1853].

8.7.

103

- 1 **H**AIL, Thou once despisèd JESUS!
 Hail, Thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us;
 Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merits we find favour;
 Life is given through Thy name.
- 2 Paschal LAMB, by GOD appointed!
 All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty Love anointed
 Thou hast full atonement made:

Christ, our Saviour:

All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and GOD.

3 JESUS, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide ;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy FATHER'S side ;
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give ;
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise !

John Bakewell,
1721—1819.

1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple
stands,
The house of GOD not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears ;
The Guardian of mankind appears.

His Ministry in Heaven.

- 2 He Who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a Brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathises with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

**Michael Bruce,*
1746—1767.

C.M.

105

- 1 JESUS! in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more.
Than the rich gems, and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin :
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all Thy nature clean.
- 3 Fresh blood as constant as the day
Was on their altar spilt :
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.
- 4 Their priesthood ran through several hands,
For mortal was their race ;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as Thy days.
- 5 JESUS, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill ;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears His priesthood still.
- 6 He ever lives to intercede
Before His FATHER'S face :
Give Him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the FATHER'S grace.

*Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And overflows with love.

His Ministry in Heaven.

- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out His cries and tears,
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

L.M.

107

- 1 **N**OW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address the King
In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the LAMB Who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say He suffered thus,
But that He suffered all for us.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 3 JESUS Who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ;
And still He makes it His abode,
As man He fills the throne of GOD.
- 4 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is He to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise His name,
But we the nearest interest claim.
- 5 But ah, how faint our praises rise !
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies
That we who share His richest love
So cold and unconcerned should prove.
- 6 O glorious hour ! it comes with speed,
When we from sin and darkness freed
Shall see the GOD Who died for man,
And praise Him more than angels can.

**John Newton,*
1725—1807.

108

8's.

- 1 **W**E saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth ;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, Thou SON of GOD !
- 2 We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
" *Forgive, they know not what they do !*"
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

His Ministry in Heaven.

- 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"
- 4 We did not mark the chosen few
When Thou didst thro' the clouds ascend
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.
- 5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming LORD.

John Hampden Gurney,
1802—1862.

S.M

109

- 1 THOU art gone up on high
To realms beyond the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise;
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed;
LORD! send Thy promised Comforter
And lead us to Thy rest.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 2 Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter agony
 To pass unto Thy crown ;
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us at last to Thee.
- 3 Thou art gone up on high ;
 But Thou shalt come again
 With all the bright ones of the sky
 Attendant in Thy train:
 LORD! by Thy saving power
 So make us live and die,
 That we may stand in that dread hour
 At Thy right hand on high.

Emma Toke,
[1851].

110

L.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the everlasting SON,
 The FATHER'S Darling and Delight ;
 Behold Him on His heavenly throne
 Above the brightest angel bright !
- 2 Behold how heaven on earth doth shine ;
 Behold how GOD with man doth dwell ;
 Behold our own that SON divine,
 Our Brother, our Emmanuel !
- 3 Behold Him in our flesh arrayed ;
 Behold Him stricken in our stead ;
 Behold our sins upon Him laid ;
 Behold Him in our darksome bed !

His Ministry in Heaven.

- 4 Behold Him in His home above,
Back to His FATHER'S bosom borne,
Our Intercessor full of love,
Who still for sinful souls doth yearn !
- 5 O sinful souls, draw near and gaze ;
Gaze and adore, behold, be won !
With lowly love, with sweet amaze
Embrace your Saviour in the SON.
- 6 Not from those arms outstretchèd turn,
Nor bid that yearning heart remove ;
O ! think not of His beauty scorn,
Nor turn to wrath His tender love.
- 7 Still to the SON more closely cling ;
Still in His grace more dearly grow ;
Till to His home your love ye bring,
Till in that home His love ye know.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,*
1819—

C.M.

III

- 1 **B**EYOND the glittering starry skies,
Far as the eternal hills,
There in the boundless worlds of light
Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine
At His right hand, with golden harps
They offer songs divine.

Christ, our Saviour:

- 3 They, when on earth He deigned to dwell
In mortal flesh arrayed,
With wonder saw the holy Child
In Bethlehem's stable laid.
- 4 When fasting in the desert long
His spotless soul was tried,
They saw Him there the Tempter foil,
And they His wants supplied.
- 5 In all His toils, and dangers too,
They did His steps attend;
And pitying, wondered how at last
This scene of love would end.
- 6 As on the torturing cross He hung,
And darkness veiled the sky,
They saw, aghast, that awful sight,
The LORD of glory die!
- 7 Anon He bursts the gates of death,
And breaks the tyrant's power:
They saw the illustrious Conqueror rise,
They hailed the blissful hour,
- 8 Tended His chariot up the sky,
And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps, and cried
"The glorious work is done!"

James Fanch and Daniel Turner.
[1776]. 1710—1798.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

8.6.8.4.

112

- 1 **O**UR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And His that gentle voice we hear
That tells of sin forgiven,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
- 5 **SPIRIT** of purity and grace!
Our weakness, pitying, see ;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriett Auber,
1773—1862.

The Holy Spirit:

113

8.6.

- 1 COME, Thou Who dost the soul endue
 With sevenfold gifts of grace!
Come, Thou Who dost the world renew,
Author of peace, Consoler true,
 SPIRIT of holiness!
- 2 SPIRIT of love, 'twas Thou Who borne
 O'er the wide waters' face
Didst, at creation's golden morn,
The universal spheres adorn
 With majesty and grace!
- 3 Thou didst again earth's fallen frame
 With new creation bless,
When clothed in Pentecostal flame
From heaven's pure height Thy glory came,
 Enriching men with peace.
- 4 Thou didst the gospel-trumpet sound
 O'er all the world afar;
And summon from their sleep profound
The dead, who lay in darkness bound,
 To hail the Morning Star.
- 5 Thine be all praise for evermore
 From all salvation's heirs;
Thy goodness, truth, and love, and power,
Let all created worlds adore
 In holy hymns and prayers.

*Rendered from the Latin,
by Edward Caswall,
1814—*

His quickening & renewing Influences.

6.8.

114

- 1 O THOU that hearest prayer!
 Attend our humble cry,
 And let Thy servants share
 Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of Thy word,
Grant us Thy HOLY SPIRIT, LORD!
- 2 O may that sacred fire,
 Descending from above,
 Our frozen hearts inspire
 With fervent zeal and love;
Enlighten our o'erclouded eyes,
And teach our grovelling souls to rise.
- 3 Send Thy good SPIRIT down
 On all the nations, LORD!
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of Thy word;
That heathen lands may own Thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.
- 4 Then shall Thy kingdom come
 Among our fallen race;
 And the whole earth become
 The temple of Thy grace,
Whence pure devotion shall ascend,
And songs of praise, till time shall end.

(?) John Burton,
[1824].

The Holy Spirit:

115

C.M.

- 1 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
O come, great SPIRIT, come!
- 2 Come as the light! to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.
- 4 Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.
- 5 Come as the dove! and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love,
Until Thy church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.
- 6 SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer;
Make the whole world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
O come, great SPIRIT, come!

Andrew Reed,
1787—1862.

His quickening & renewing Influences.

11's.

116

1 O SPIRIT, descend as the light of the
morn;
In the brightness of GOD our natures adorn:
Come down as Thou camest on chaos of old;
Bring forth those creations Thy prophets
foretold.

2 O SPIRIT, descend as the rain and the dew,
That the beauties of Eden may blossom anew;
Come down as the wind on the dry bones of
old,
Breathe life into souls that are withered and
cold.

3 O SPIRIT, descend as in Pentecost's hour,
When thousands that met were renewed by
Thy power;
Come down as a fire from Thine altar above,
And kindle within us the flames of Thy love.

[1865.]

7's.

117

1 GRACIOUS SPIRIT, dwell with me,—
G I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for CHRIST my Saviour speak.

The Holy Spirit:

- 2 Truthful SPIRIT, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my LORD's sincerity.
- 3 Silent SPIRIT, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be;
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made
Silently; like morning light
Putting mists and chills to flight.
- 4 Mighty SPIRIT, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.
- 5 HOLY SPIRIT, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him Who gave me Thee.

**Thomas Toke Lynch,
1818—1871.*

118

S.M.

- 1 LORD GOD, the HOLY GHOST!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all Thy power;

His quickening & renewing Influences.

We meet with one accord
In this Thy holy place,
And wait the promise of our LORD,—
The SPIRIT of all grace.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

3 SPIRIT of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day:
SPIRIT of truth! be Thou
In life and death our guide;
O SPIRIT of adoption! now
May we be sanctified.

**James Montgomery,
1771—1854.*

C.M.

119

1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor grow
To reach eternal joys.

The Holy Spirit:

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear LORD! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

120

C.M.

- 1 **T**HOU blessèd SPIRIT! by Whose aid
Life's path is safely trod;
Its varied scenes and duties made
True progress home to GOD:
- 2 Come to our hearts, LORD! and abide
A welcome guest therein;
Help to withstand assaults of pride,
To fight and conquer sin.
- 3 The grace and peace of CHRIST reveal,
His everlasting love;
Disperse the doubts that would conceal
Our hope of rest above.

His quickening & renewing Influences.

- 4 Come with the joy Thy love imparts,
Sweet sense of sin forgiven,
With patience fill our restless hearts,
And guide us home to heaven.

(American)
Altered by Robert Hall Baynes,
[1863].

L.M.

121

- 1 COME, gracious SPIRIT, Gift of Love,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare,
Lead to Thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from GOD may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with GOD;
Lead us to CHRIST the living Way,
Nor let us from His pasture stray.
- 5 Lead us to GOD, our final Rest,
In His enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is!

Simon Brown,
1680—1732.

The Holy Spirit:

I 22

C.M.

- 1 **E**NTHRONED on high, almighty LORD!
The HOLY GHOST send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.
- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,
Thy SPIRIT in our heart.
- 3 SPIRIT of life, and light, and love!
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our spirits from above,
That we in CHRIST may live.
- 4 To our benighted souls reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well;
Till GOD in us and we in GOD
In love eternal dwell.

Thomas Haweis,
1732—1820.

I 23

L.M.

- 1 **O** HOLY GHOST Who down dost come
To make each contrite heart Thy
home,
On me descend! within me dwell,
My soul renew, my sin expel!

His quickening & renewing Influences.

- 2 SPIRIT of truth Who makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly light,
Appear, and on my darkness shine!
Descend and be my Guide divine!
- 3 SPIRIT of power Whose might doth dwell
Full in the souls Thou lovest well,
Unto this fainting heart draw near
And be my daily Quickener!
- 4 SPIRIT of joy Who makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad,
Pour on this mourning soul Thy cheer;
Give me to bless my Comforter!
- 5 O tender SPIRIT Who dost mourn
Whene'er from Thee Thy people turn,
Give me each day to grieve Thee less;
Enjoy my fuller faithfulness!
- 6 Till Thou shalt make me meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss!

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

- 1 SPIRIT of truth! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality;

The Holy Spirit :

We ask not, LORD ! Thy cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone,
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

- 2 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In scripture's sacred lore :
No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share,
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.
- 3 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With faith and hope and love.
Give glory to the THREE in ONE,
Ye saints and heavenly host,
To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST !

Bishop Reginald Heber,
1783—1826.

125

7.5.

- 1 COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
HOLY GHOST, the Infinite,
Comforter divine !
- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, LORD !
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford !
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine !

His quickening & renewing Influences.

- 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of CHRIST unfolding still,
Comforter divine !
- 4 In us, for us, intercede ;
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine !
- 5 Dwell in us as in the SON,
With His FATHER ever one
In adoring union ;
Comforter divine !
- 6 Search for us the depths of GOD ;
Bear us up the starry road
To the height of Thine abode ;
Comforter divine !

George Rawson,
[1853].

8.7.

126

- 1 HOLY SPIRIT, source of gladness,
Gift of GOD through CHRIST the SON,
Bringing to us in our sadness
Richest comfort from Their throne !
- 2 Thou art ever true and holy,
Sin and falsehood Thou dost hate ;
But Thou comest where the lowly,
And the meek, Thy presence wait.

The Holy Spirit.

- 3 When I cry for help, O hear me!
When I sink, O haste to save!
When I die be very near me!
Be my Hope e'en in the grave!
- 4 Power of the resurrection!
Bring me, victor over death,
To the land of full perfection
Whence no foot e'er wandereth.

*From the German of
Paul Gerhardt,
1606—1676.*

127

L.M.

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living GOD!
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O SPIRIT of the LORD! prepare
All the round earth her GOD to meet;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

The Holy Trinity.

- 5 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The Name of JESUS glorify,
Till every kindred call him LORD.
- 6 GOD from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall His salvation see;
So be the FATHER'S love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through
Thee.

**James Montgomery,
1771—1854.*

THE HOLY TRINITY.

8.7.

128

- 1 FATHER, glorious with all splendour,
But with holiness most bright!
SON, in Whom all sweet and tender
Dwelt on earth that blessed light!
SPIRIT, through Whose grace the sweetness
Into sinful souls is poured!
In this strain what mighty meetness,
"HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD!"
- 2 FATHER, Thine own SON Who gavest
For the overthrow of sin!
LAMB of GOD, Who sinners savest,
Through Whose blood our peace we win!

Hymns of adoration & supplication

SPIRIT, daily meetness bringing
For the glory there upstored!
List to Thy glad people singing,
"HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD!"

- 3 In this strain what fulness dwelleth!
How it makes the Godhead known!
Of Thy deepest deep it telleth,
Everlasting THREE in ONE!
Fullest praise Thy saints thus bring Thee,
Meetliest thus art Thou adored;
This the song they ever sing Thee,
"HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD!"
- 4 LORD! with sin-bound souls Thou bearest
Struggling towards the eternal hymn;
Thy thrice-awful Name Thou hearest
From the pure-lipped seraphim!
Hark! their own high strain we bring Thee,
Listen to the full accord!
Sweet the song we ever sing Thee,
"HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD!"

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

129

8's.

- 1 **O** GOD of life, Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine!
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.
- 2 O FATHER, uncreated LORD!
Be Thou in every land adored;
On every soul Thy love be poured.

addressed to the Holy Trinity.

- 3 O SON OF GOD, for sinners slain!
We bless Thee, LORD, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.
- 4 O HOLY GHOST, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare!
May we in Thy communion share.
- 5 FATHER, protect us here below!
JESUS, Thy mercy may we know!
O HOLY GHOST, Thy power bestow!
- 6 O HOLY blessèd TRINITY!
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O GOD! exalted be.

Arthur Tozer Russell,
[1848].

8's.

130

- 1 LORD GOD of gods, before Whose
throne
Stand storms and fire! O what shall we
Return to heaven that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
We have no offering to impart
But praises and a wounded heart.
- 2 LORD JESUS, set at GOD's right hand!
With Thine eternal Father plead
For all Thy faithful pilgrim band,
Who still on earth Thy succour need;
For them in weakness strength provide,
And through the world their footsteps
guide.

Hymns of adoration & supplication

- 3 O SPIRIT, Fount of light and breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade!
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

*First and Third verses by
John Quarles,
[1654].*

*Second verse by
Thomas Darling,
[1857].*

131

6.8.

- 1 **I** GIVE immortal praise
To GOD the FATHER'S love
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above!
He sent His own eternal SON
To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To GOD the SON belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with His blood
From everlasting woe:
And now He lives, and now He reigns,
And sees the fruit of all His pains.
- 3 To GOD the SPIRIT'S Name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live!
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

addressed to the Holy Trinity.

- 4 Almighty GOD! to Thee
Be endless honour done,
The undivided THREE,
And the mysterious ONE!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

L.M.

132

- 1 FATHER of heaven! Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend.
- 2 Almighty SON! Incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal SPIRIT! by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 JEHOVAH! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON!
Mysterious Godhead, THREE in ONE!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

(?) *J. Cooper,*
[1810].

Hymns of adoration & supplication

133

L.M.

- 1 **G**IVE praise to Him Who built the hills;
Give praise to Him the streams Who
fills;
Give praise to Him Who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar!
- 2 Give praise to Him Who wakes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight!
- 3 Give praise to Him Whose love has given,
In CHRIST His SON, the life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night!
- 4 Give praise to Him in grace Who came
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice!
- 5 Give praise to Him Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of GOD;
The SPIRIT of all truth and peace,
The Fount of joy and holiness!
- 6 To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To Thee, eternal GOD! we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise!

**Horatius Bonar,*
1803—

addressed to the Holy Trinity.

8.7.

134

- 1 **L**EAD us, heavenly FATHER ! lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our GOD our FATHER be.
- 2 SAVIOUR ! breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 SPIRIT of our GOD ! descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

**James Edmeston,
1791—1867.*

S.M.

135

- 1 **G**OD of almighty love !
By Whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek Thy face ;
Through JESUS CHRIST the Just
My faint desires receive,
And let me in Thy goodness trust,
And to Thy glory live.

The Holy Trinity.

- 2 Whate'er I say or do,
 Thy glory be my aim;
My offerings all be offered through
 The ever-blessèd Name:
 JESUS! my single eye
 Be fixed on Thee alone;
Thy Name be praised on earth, on high,
 Thy will by all be done!
- 3 SPIRIT of faith! inspire
 My consecrated heart,
Fill me with pure celestial fire,
 With all Thou hast and art;
 My feeble mind transform,
 With holiness imbue,
With love divine my nature warm,
 And perfectly renew.

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

136

7's.

- 1 HOLY FATHER! hear my cry,
 HOLY SAVIOUR! bend Thine ear,
 HOLY SPIRIT! come Thou nigh;
 FATHER, SAVIOUR, SPIRIT, hear!
- 2 FATHER! save me from my sin,
 SAVIOUR! I Thy mercy crave,
 Gracious SPIRIT! make me clean;
 FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, save!
- 3 FATHER! let me taste Thy love,
 SAVIOUR! fill my soul with peace,
 SPIRIT! come my heart to move;
 FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, bless!

Public Worship.

- 4 FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, Thou
One JEHOVAH! shed abroad
All Thy grace within me now,
Be my FATHER and my GOD!

**Horatius Bonar,*
1808—

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

P.M.

137

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the LORD in the beauty
of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of low-
liness
Kneel and adore Him, the LORD is His
Name.
- 2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayer-
fulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
- 3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as
thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

Public Worship:

- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling
and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearful-
ness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
- 5 O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience and incense of low-
liness,
Kneel and adore Him, the LORD is His
Name.

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

138

L.M.

- 1 **B**EFORE JEHOVAH'S awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Giving of Thanks.

- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love,
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts,
1674—1748,
Altered by John Wesley,
[1741].

L.M.

139

- 1 **O** THOU to Whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshippers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon Thy SON
Sat weary by the patriarch's well;
- 3 From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.
- 4 To Thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp with reverent air
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.
- 5 O Thou to Whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung!
To Thee, at last, in every clime
Shall temples rise and praise be sung.

James Pierpont,
1785—1866.

Public Worship:

I40

8.6.8.

- 1 **L**O GOD is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo GOD is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, LORD! our meaner song
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.
- 3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;
To Thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for Thine own!
Thou art the GOD, Thou art the LORD;
Be Thou by all Thy works adored.
- 4 Father of spirits! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face;
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted, sacrifice.

*Rendered from the German of
Gerhardt Tersteegen,
1697—1769,
by John Wesley,
[1739].*

Giving of Thanks.

L.M.

I41

- 1 SING to the LORD a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise,
To us His gracious gifts belong,
To Him our songs of love and praise ;
For He is LORD of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
To Whom be praise for evermore.
- 2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the LORD, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for It is fair ;
For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our GOD, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for It is true.
- 3 For life below with all its bliss,
And for that life more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die ;
Sing to the LORD of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell.
1811—1875.*

7.6.

I42

- 1 LORD GOD! of old Who wentest
Where'er the ark removed,
Who Thine own presence lentest
To Sion's hill beloved ;

Public Worship:

- Who in the cloud didst render
Thine Israel's camp divine,
And in the fiery splendour
Amid her host didst shine!
- 2 Where now is seen Thy glory?
Where makest Thou abode?
Where now on earth doth tarry
The presence of our GOD?
For still Thine arm Thou showest;
For still Thou dost appear;
Thy presence Thou bestowest
Still in Thy temple here.
- 3 Where'er Thy saints confess Thee
With lifted hearts and hands,
Where'er Thy people bless Thee,
There, there Thy temple stands:
Thy presence thence they carry,
Thy presence thither bring;
Thou stayest where they tarry,
Still with them goes their King.
- 4 Thou dwellest, heavenly FATHER,
Where Thine own children meet;
Where His redeemèd gather,
The Saviour there they greet;
Where linkèd souls are yearning,
The SPIRIT yearneth there;
Where hearts and lips are burning,
He breathes the praise and prayer.
- 5 LORD, come and with us tarry!
LORD, come and with us go!
Be this Thy sanctuary!
Thy presence here bestow!

Giving of Thanks.

Here spread Thy consecration,
Here spend Thine utmost grace;
Our souls Thy habitation,
Our songs Thy dwelling-place.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

8.6.8.

143

- 1 **Y**ES, it is good to worship Thee,
To tread Thy courts, O LORD!
To raise the voice, to bend the knee,
To hear Thy holy word;
To bless Thee for that wondrous grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 2 'Tis sweet, O GOD! to sing Thy praise
Till all our spirits glow,
And we can almost seem to raise
The notes of heaven below;
Hearts all on fire, and feelings strong,
And souls all melting in our song.
- 3 But O if songs like ours are sweet,
How sweet that song must be
When all Thy ransomed ones shall meet,
From sin and sorrow free;
Where nought of sorrow can intrude
To mar that mighty multitude!
- 4 Ours, Saviour! may these raptures be,
When earthly joys are past;
And, having lived on earth to Thee,
May we exchange at last
This house, these hours, of praise and prayer,
For holier happier worship there.

**Thomas Rawson Taylor,
1807—1835.*

Public Worship:

I44

L.M.

- 1 **C**OMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O GOD! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a FATHER'S love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command Thy blessing, JESUS, LORD!
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest, "*Follow me.*"
- 3 Command Thy blessing in this hour,
SPIRIT of truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power
With quickening and confirming grace.
- 4 O Thou our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal GOD confessed!
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blessed.
- 5 With Thee and Thine for ever bound,
May all who here in prayer unite,
With harps and songs Thy throne surround,
Rest in Thy love, and reign in light.

**James Montgomery.*
1771—1854.

I45

6.8.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my GOD.

Giving of Thanks.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where GOD appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still ; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill !
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat ! when GOD our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet ?
- 4 To spend one sacred day
Where GOD and saints abide
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where GOD resorts I love it more
To keep the door than shine in courts.
- 5 GOD is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence ;
With gifts His hands are filled ;
We draw our blessings thence :
He will endue His ransomed race
With plenteous grace and glory too.
- 6 The LORD His people loves :
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls ;
Thrice happy he, O GOD of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in Thee !

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

Public Worship:

146

10.11.

- 1 **H**OW honoured, how dear, that sacred
abode
Where Christians draw near their FATHER
and GOD!
'Mid worldly commotion my wearied soul
faints
For the house of devotion, the home of Thy
saints.
- 2 The birds have their home, they fix on their
nest,
Wherever they roam they return to their
rest;
From them fondly learning my soul would
take wing
To Thee so returning, my GOD and my
King!
- 3 O happy the choirs who praise Thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres! their worship is
love:
Yet, safe in Thy keeping and happy they be
In this world of weeping, whose strength is
in Thee.
- 4 Though rugged their way, they drink as they
go
Of springs that convey new life as they flow;
The GOD they rely on their strength shall
renew,
Till each brought to Zion His glory shall
view.

Giving of Thanks.

- 5 Thou Hearer of prayer! still grant me a place
Where Christians repair to the courts of Thy
 grace ;
More blest beyond measure one day so em-
 ployed,
Than years of vain pleasure by worldlings
 enjoyed.
- 6 The LORD is a sun! the LORD is a shield!
What grace has begun with glory is sealed;
He hears the distressed, He succours the just,
And they shall be blessed who make Him
 their trust.

**Josiah Conder,*
1789—1855.

L.M.

I47

- 1 PRAISE for Thee, LORD! in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
And find, through CHRIST, salvation there.
- 2 Our spirits faint, our sins prevail,
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail;
O Thou that hearest prayer! descend,
And still be found the sinner's Friend.
- 3 How blest Thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in Thee!

Public Worship:

- 4 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.
- 5 The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.
- 6 LORD! on our souls Thine influence pour;
The moral waste within, restore;
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

**Henry Francis Lyte,
1793—1847.*

148

L.M.

- 1 GREAT GOD! we sing that mighty Hand
G By which supported still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our GOD;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

Giving of Thanks.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper GOD, in Whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

**Philip Doddridge,*
1702—1751.

8.6.8.

149

- 1 **A**LL praise and thanks to GOD most high,
The FATHER of all love !
The GOD Who doeth wondrously,
The GOD Who from above
My soul with richest solace fills,
The GOD Who every sorrow stills.
- 2 The hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
All thrones bow down to Thee,
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
In earth and air and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right.
- 3 And for the creatures He hath made
Our GOD shall well provide ;
His grace shall be their constant aid,
Their guard on every side ;
His kingdom we may surely trust,
There all is equal, all is just.

Public Worship:

- 4 Ah then till life hath reach'd its bound,
My GOD, I'll worship Thee!
The chorus of Thy praise shall sound
Far over land and sea;
All idols under foot be trod,
The LORD is GOD! the LORD is GOD!

*Rendered from the German of
John Jacob Schütz,
1640—1690,
by Catherine Winkworth,
[1858].*

150

6.7.6.

- 1 **N**OW thank we all our GOD,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.
- 2 O may this bounteous GOD
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
- 3 All praise and thanks to GOD
The FATHER now be given,
The SON, and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest heaven;

Giving of Thanks.

The One eternal GOD
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

*Rendered from the German of
Martin Rinckart,
1586—1649,
by Catherine Winkworth,
[1858].*

7's.

151

- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang
When JEHOVAH'S work begun,
When He spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
GOD will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ! the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below with heart and voice
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love
Songs of praise to sing above.

Public Worship:

- 6 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death,
Then amid eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

**James Montgomery.*
1771—1854.

152

6.7.6.

- 1 **L**ET all men praise the LORD,
In worship lowly bending;
On His most holy word,
Redeemed from woe, depending:
He gracious is, and just,
From childhood us doth lead,
On Him we place our trust
And hope in time of need.
- 2 Glory and praise to GOD,
To FATHER, SON, be given,
And to the HOLY GHOST,
On high enthroned in heaven:
Praise to the Triune GOD!
With powerful arm and strong
He turneth night to day;
Praise Him with grateful song!

From the German of
Martin Rinckart,
1586—1649.

153

8.7.

- 1 **M**IGHTY GOD! while angels bless Thee,
May a mortal sing Thy Name?
LORD of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme!

Giving of Thanks.

LORD of every land and nation !
Ancient of eternal days !
Sounded through the wide creation
Be Thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;
For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free, redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who can sing that wondrous song ?
Brightness of the FATHER'S glory !
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie ?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence ;
Sing the LORD who came to die.

4 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe
Thou didst stoop for our salvation ;
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
Reascend, immortal Saviour !
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne,
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all Thine own !

Robert Robinson,
1735—1790.

Public Worship:

I54

S.M.

- 1 **C**OME, we that love the LORD,
 And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place,
Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our GOD,
But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The GOD that rules on high,
 And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas,
- 5 This awful GOD is ours,
 Our FATHER and our love ;
He shall send down His heavenly powers
 To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see His face,
 And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of His grace
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

Giving of Thanks.

- 8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

S.M.

155

- 1 **S**TAND up and bless the LORD,
Ye people of His choice ;
Stand up and bless the LORD your GOD,
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud and magnify ?
- 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

Public Worship:

- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense
The spirit feels Him near.
- 5 GOD is our Strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in CHRIST proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the LORD;
The LORD your GOD adore;
Stand up and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

**James Montgomery.*
1771—1854.

156

C.M.

- 1 **S**ING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The saints' triumphant song.
- 3 "*Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,*"
Cry the redeemed above,
"*Blessing and honour to obtain,*
And everlasting love !"

Confession and Petition.

- 4 "Worthy the Lamb," on earth we sing,
 "Who died our souls to save!"
Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
 Thy victory, O grave?
- 5 Then Hallelujah! power and praise
 To GOD in CHRIST be given;
May all who now this anthem raise
 Renew the strain in heaven.

**James Montgomery.*
1771—1854.

L.M.

157

- 1 PRAISE waits on earth, O LORD! for
 Thee;
 Thy saints adore Thy holy Name,
 Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
 And humbly Thy protection claim.
- 2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust,
 The breath of life Thy SPIRIT gave;
Where but in Thee can mortals trust?
 Who but our GOD has power to save?
- 3 Eternal Source of truth and light!
 To Thee we look, on Thee we call;
LORD! what are we in Thy pure sight?
 But Thou to us art all in all.
- 4 Still may Thy children in Thy word
 Their common trust and refuge see;
O bind us to each other, LORD,
 By one great tie, the love of Thee!

Public Worship:

- 5 Here, at the portal of Thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears ;
Accept our prayer, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.†
- 6 So shall our suns of hope arise
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till Thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

*Sir James Edward Smith,
1759—1828.*

158

10's.

- 1 **F**ATHER! again in JESUS' name we meet,
And bow in penitence before Thy feet,
Again to Thee our feeble voices raise
To seek Thy mercy, and to sing Thy praise.
- 2 **LORD!** we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless
care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare ;
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned ?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around ?
- 3 **Alas!** unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove,
But now, encouraged by Thy voice we come,
Returning sinners, to a FATHER'S home.
- 4 **O** by His name in Whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
LORD, open mercy's gate and take us in !

*(?) Miss H. Whittemore,
[1860].*

Confession and Petition.

C.M.

159

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, LORD ! to Thee
Our filial duty pay ;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 We come through CHRIST, through CHRIST
alone,
Our great High-Priest above ;
He intercedes before the throne,
Accept us through His love.
- 5 While in Thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
- 6 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing,
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Thomas Fervis,
[1795].

Public Worship:

160

L.M.

- 1 **O** GOD! Thy grace and blessing give
To us who on Thy Name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.
- 2 Teach us to know that JESUS died
And rose again, our souls to save;
Teach us to take Him as our guide,
Our help from childhood to the grave.
- 3 Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest,
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.
- 4 And when the awful signs appear
Of judgment, and the throne above,
Our hearts still fixed we shall not fear;
GOD is our trust, and GOD is love.

161

C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this earthly pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
GOD of our fathers! be the GOD
Of their succeeding race.

Confession and Petition.

- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our FATHER'S loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore.

Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751 ;
altered by Michael Bruce,
[1765].

8.7.4.

162

- 1 **I**N Thy name, O LORD! assembling,
We Thy people now draw near ;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling,
Speak and let Thy servants hear ;
Hear with meekness ;
Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, LORD! to Thee ;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

Public Worship:

- 3 There in worship purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore ;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before ;
Full enjoyment ;
Full, unmixed, for evermore.

Thomas Kelly,
1769—1855.

163

S.M.

- 1 **L**ORD ! bid Thy light arise
On all Thy people here,
And when we raise our longing eyes
O may we find Thee near !
- 2 Thy HOLY SPIRIT send
To quicken every soul ;
And hearts the most rebellious, bend
To Thy divine control.
- 3 Stir up the blind and dead
With Thine awakening grace ;
Teach wandering sinners how to tread
Thy paths, and seek Thy face.
- 4 Let all who own Thy name
Thy sacred image bear,
And light in every heart the flame
Of watchfulness and prayer.
- 5 Since in Thy love we see
Our only sure relief,
O raise our earthly minds to Thee,
And help our unbelief !

William Hiley Bathurst,
1796—

Confession and Petition.

C.M.

164

- ¹ **O** THOU Who hast Thy servants taught
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness
The life of GOD is shown !
- ² While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee GOD and LORD,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy word.
- ³ When we our voices lift in praise,
Give Thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeignèd thanks,
And with the spirit sing.
- ⁴ And in the dangerous path of life
Uphold us as we go,
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

**Henry Alford,*
1810—1871.

7's.

165

- ¹ **H**OLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame,
FATHER ! hallowed be Thy name.
- ² Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our FATHER art ;
From Thy hand our spirits came :
FATHER ! hallowed be Thy name.

Public Worship:

- 3 Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our FATHER known;
Nearer now in CHRIST our claim:
FATHER! hallowed be Thy name.
- 4 Born anew, O may we feel
Filial love, the SPIRIT's seal!
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame:
FATHER! hallowed be Thy name.
- 5 Whether then in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same:
FATHER! hallowed be Thy name.

**Josiah Conder,*
1789—1855.

166

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD! when we bend before Thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.
- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see
And penitence impart,
And let a healing ray from Thee
Light hope within the heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay
And rise to Thee in praise.

Confession and Petition.

- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer
 May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
 Which is not wholly Thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill
 And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it, or denies.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle,
1759—1804.

8.7.4.

167

- 1 JESUS, LORD! we kneel before Thee,
 Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear!
 By Thy mercy
 O deliver us, good LORD!
- 2 From the depth of nature's blindness,
 From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
 From the pride that lurks within,
 By Thy mercy
 O deliver us, good LORD!
- 3 When temptation sorely presses,
 In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
 In each dark and trying hour,
 By Thy mercy
 O deliver us, good LORD!

Public Worship:

- 4 In the weary night of sickness,
In the throes of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By Thy mercy
O deliver us, good LORD!
- 5 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment-day,
May our souls on Thee relying
Find Thee still our hope and stay;
By Thy mercy
O deliver us, good LORD!

James F. Cummins,
[1849].

168

7's.

- 1 **L**ORD! we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow,
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, LORD, in vain?
- 2 LORD! on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
- 3 In Thine own appointed way
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
LORD! from hence we would not go
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 4 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford,
Let Thy SPIRIT now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Confession and Petition.

- 5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a GOD supremely kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond,
[1745].

C.M.

169

- 1 **O** HELP us, LORD! each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, LORD! the more.
- 3 O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe,
For still the more the servant hath
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Saviour! from on high,
We know no help but Thee ;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Henry Hart Milman,
1791—1868.

- 1 **L**ORD! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though frail and sinful in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near:
We perish if we cease from prayer,
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
LORD, meet us by the way.
- 2 Burdened with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
LORD, whither shall we go?
GOD of all grace! we come to Thee
With broken contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts;
- 3 Give deep humility, the sense
Of godly sorrow give,
A strong desiring confidence
To see Thy face and live;
Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On CHRIST, on CHRIST alone;
- 4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

Confession and Petition.

Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We through Thy SPIRIT and Thy SON,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

**James Montgomery.*
1771—1854.

6.8.

171

- 1 **W**HEN the weary seeking rest
 To Thy goodness flee,
When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee,
When the troubled seeking peace
 On Thy name shall call,
When the sinner seeking life
 At Thy feet shall fall;
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high!
- 2 When the stranger asks a home
 All his toils to end,
When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend,
When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee,
When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee;
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high!
- 3 When the man of toil and care
 In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor,
 Names the name of GOD;

Public Worship:

When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name;
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high!

4 When the child with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair,
When the agèd, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee
Sad and lone and low,
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high!

5 When the worldling sick at heart
Lifts his soul above,
When the prodigal looks back
To his FATHER'S love,
When the proud man in his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face,
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In heaven Thy dwelling-place on high!

**Horatius Bonar.*
1808—

172

C.M.

1 **A**LMIGHTY GOD! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground,
Now let the dews of heaven descend
And righteous growth abound;

Confession and Petition.

- Let not the foe of CHRIST and man
This holy seed remove,
But give it root in every heart
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 2 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy,
But let it yield a hundred-fold
Returns of peace and joy;
Nor let Thy word, in mercy sent
To raise us to Thy throne,
Go back to Thee and sadly tell
That we reject Thy SON.
- 3 Oft as the precious seed is sown
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Who was of yore,
Who is to-day, and still shall be,
One GOD for evermore!

John Cawood,
1775—1852.

7's.

173

- 1 SAVIOUR! bless the word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
O let sinners hear Thy call,
And Thy people grow in love.
- 2 Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine,
Give the gospel great success,
Thine the work, the glory Thine.

Public Worship:

- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice!
Send, O send Thy truth abroad,
Let the nations hear Thy voice,
Hear it, and return to GOD!

Thomas Kelly,
1769—1855.

174

S.M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! hear
The song Thy children raise,
To our petition lend Thine ear,
And hearken to our praise;
Within our hearts the seed
Of holy truth is sown,
But, LORD! the blessing that we need
Must come from Thee alone.
- 2 That seed will buried lie
Till Thou the harvest give,
Yet then although it seem to die
It shall spring up and live;
Then though the sower weep,
Ere long with heart and voice
Both he who sows and they that reap
Together shall rejoice.

John Burton,
1803—

175

C.M.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of Thy salvation, LORD,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of Thy word!

Confession and Petition.

- 2 Oft I frequent Thy holy place
And hear almost in vain,
How small a portion of Thy grace
My memory can retain!
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!
- 4 Great GOD! Thy sovereign power impart
To give Thy word success;
Write Thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn Thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

8.7.4.

176

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all Thy love possessing
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Public Worship: •

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with CHRIST in endless day.

*Walter Shirley,
1725—1786.*

I77

8.7.

MAY the grace of CHRIST our Saviour,
And the FATHER'S boundless love,
With the HOLY SPIRIT'S favour,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the LORD,
And possess in sweet communion
Joys which earth can not afford.

**John Newton,
1725—1807.*

I78

P.M.

- 1 **C**OME my soul, thou must be waking!
Now is breaking
Over earth another day;
Come! to Him Who made this splendour
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.
- 2 Gladly hail the light returning,
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;

Morning.

For the night is safely ended,
GOD hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

- 3 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavour,
When thine aim is good and true ;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 4 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within ;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.
- 5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet ;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness
That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 6 Only GOD'S free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His SPIRIT'S voice obey ;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light unfolding
All things in unclouded day.

*Rendered from the German of
Frederic Rudolph Louis von Canitz,
1654—1699,
in the British Magazine,
[1838].*

Public Worship:

I79

7.6

- 1 **G**OD of the cheerful morning
As of the quiet night!
All things of Thine adorning
Are beautiful and bright.
- 2 Thou Giver of each blessing
That life can know or feel,
O hear our hearts confessing
And purify and heal.
- 3 We wait, O LORD! before Thee
With our unceasing need,
And thankfully adore Thee
For Thou art good indeed.
- 4 All brightness and all beauty
Are Thine alone to give,
And ours the happy duty
Through CHRIST to Thee to live.

(American)
Altered by Robert Hall Baynes,
[1863].

I80

L.M.

- 1 **N**OW doth the sun ascend the sky,
And wake creation with its ray;
Be present with us, LORD most high!
Through all the actions of the day.
- 2 Create in us a heart sincere;
Simplicity of word and will;
And may the morn, so bright and clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil.
-

Morning.

- 3 Keep us, eternal LORD! this day
From every sinful passion free;
Grant us in all we do or say,
In all our thoughts to honour Thee.
- 4 So when the evening stars appear,
And in their train the darkness bring,
May we, O LORD! with conscience clear,
To Thee our grateful praises sing.

*Rendered from a Latin Hymn
of the 3rd Century, by
Edward Caswall,
[1849].*

L.M.

181

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 3 May I like them in GOD delight,
Have all day long my GOD in sight,
Perform like them my Maker's will—
O may I nevermore do ill!
- 4 LORD! I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Public Worship:

- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless light partake !

**Bishop Thomas Ken,
1637—1711.*

182

L.M.

- 1 **N**EW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove,
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
GOD will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer GOD.

Morning.

- 5 Only, O LORD! in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly, as we pray!

John Keble,
1792—1866.

7's.

183

- 1 JESUS, Sun of righteousness,
Brightest Beam of love divine!
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine.
- 2 As on drooping herb and flower
Falls the soft refreshing dew,
Let Thy SPIRIT'S grace and power
All our weary souls renew.
- 3 Like the sun's reviving ray
May Thy love with tender glow
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go.
- 4 O our only Hope and Guide!
Never leave us nor forsake,
Keep us ever at Thy side
Till the eternal morning break.
- 5 Lead us all our days and years
In Thy strait and narrow way,
Lead us through the vale of tears
To the land of perfect day.

From the German of
von Rosenroth,
[1684].

Public Worship:

184

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high,
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye;
- 2 Up to the hills where CHRIST is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His FATHER'S throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a GOD before Whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there,
I will frequent Thy holy court
And worship in Thy fear.
- 5 O may Thy SPIRIT guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty strait,
And plain before my face.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

185

L.M.

- 1 **H**AIL, morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope and joy and love,
Of heavenly peace and holy rest—
Pledge of the endless rest above.

Morning (The Lord's Day).

- 2 Blessed be the FATHER of our LORD
Who from the dead hath brought His SON;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.
- 3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away
When CHRIST arose, unsetting Sun,
The dawn of full eternal day.
- 4 Joy saw, and gazed with kindling eye
When our Emmanuel left the dead,
Faith marked His bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness raised her head.
- 5 Descend, O SPIRIT of the LORD!
Thy fire to every bosom bring,
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips GOD'S praise to sing.

Ralph Wardlaw,
1779—1853.

L.M.

186

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun,
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy GOD hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

Public Worship:

- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest
Which for the church of GOD remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 With joy, great GOD! Thy works we view
In various scenes both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies passed,
With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett.
1663—1713.

187

C.M.

- 1 **T**HIS day the blessèd LORD of Life
The universe began;
This day the world's Redeemer rose,
O'ercoming death for man.
- 2 Father of lights! keep us this day
From sinful passions free;
Grant us in every word, and deed,
And thought, to honour Thee.
- 3 While here, on this Thy holy day,
At this most sacred hour,
Our prayers and praises heavenward rise,
On us Thy blessings shower!

Morning (The Lord's Day).

- 4 Stretch out Thy mighty hand to save!
O hear us in Thy love!
Show us Thy face, and draw our souls
To where Thou dwell'st above.
- 5 Saviour divine! Thy presence grant,
Purge Thou our sins away,
Give us Thy peace, grant us with Thee
The joys of endless day.

*From a Latin Hymn
of the 6th Century.*

L.M.

188

- 1 **T**HIS day at Thy creating word
First o'er the earth the light was
poured;
O LORD, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine!
- 2 This day the LORD for sinners slain
In might victorious rose again;
O JESUS, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee!
- 3 This day the HOLY SPIRIT came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame;
O SPIRIT, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray!
- 4 O day of light, and life, and grace!
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, thou gift of love,
Give we again to GOD above!

**William Walsham How,
1823—*

Public Worship:

189

C.M.

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal GOD!
With rays of beauty shine;
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain;
Small joy success itself could give
If Thou Thy love restrain.
- 3 With Thee let every week begin;
With Thee each day be spent;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through the desert road
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

**Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751.*

190

C.M.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of GOD returns
To shed its quickening beams,
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames!
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, LORD! forgive;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

Morning (The Lord's Day).

- 3 Increase, O LORD! our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end:
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine,
Before the throne of GOD appear,
And feast on love divine;
- 5 Where we in high seraphic strains
Shall all our powers employ,
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy.

Simon Browne,
1680—1732.

L.M.

191

- 1 SWEET is the work, my GOD, my King!
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and
sing;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my LORD,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

Public Worship:

- 4 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex mine eyes and ears no more;
Mine inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748

192

S.M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day of light;
Let there be light to-day!
O Day-spring, rise upon our night
And chase its gloom away!
- 2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew!
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew!
- 3 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill!
Bid Thou the noise of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still!

Morning (The Lord's Day).

- 4 This is the day of prayer ;
Let earth to heaven draw near !
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.
- 5 This is the first of days ;
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

John Ellerton,
1826—

7's.

193

- 1 **L**ORD ! it is Thy holy day ;
Here we meet to praise and pray ;
Seeking Thee with heart and mind,
Earthly cares we leave behind :
On the day which Thou hast made
Us in our rejoicings aid.
- 2 Glad as when the glorious shout
Of the morning stars rang out,
Thee, Creator ! will we praise,
And our hymns of triumph raise ;
Sun and moon, your songs unite !
Praise Him, all ye stars of light !
- 3 Louder yet our strain be borne,
Mindful of that happy morn
When the world's Redeemer rose
Victor from the grave's repose ;
Who by death subdued the grave,
Mighty He our souls to save !

Public Worship:

- 4 Looking for that rest above,
For the Sabbath of Thy love,
Here to-day by hope we rise
To our mansion in the skies;
Here by faith and love prepare
For our endless Sabbath there.

194

7.6.

- 1 **L**ORD of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation,
Behold us at Thy throne!
We come for mercy crying
Through Thine atoning blood;
And on Thy grace relying
We seek each promised good.
- 2 We bless that condescension
Which brought Thee down to earth,
Of which the seers made mention
Who prophesied Thy birth;
We celebrate the glory
That marked Thy wondrous way,
And hail the joyful story
Told by this hallowed day.
- 3 O when shall Thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men in every station
Obey Thy great command!

Morning (The Lord's Day).

IN GOD'S own SON believing
From sin may they be free,
And gospel-grace receiving
Find life and peace in Thee!

John Bulmer,
1784—1857.

L.M.

195

- ¹ **L**ORD of the Sabbath! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house,
And own as grateful sacrifice
The songs which from the desert rise.
- ² Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To *that* our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- ³ No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place,
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- ⁴ No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred high eternal noon.
- ⁵ O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with GOD.

**Philip Doddridge,*
1702—1751.

Public Worship:

196

C.M.

- 1 **T**HIS sacred day, great GOD! we close
 With gratitude and love,
And bless Thee for the joyful news
 Which hails us from above.
- 2 May we retain the glorious truths
 Recorded in Thy word,
And with obedient lives adorn
 The doctrine of the LORD.
- 3 Ere long we hope to meet and join
 The ransomed throng in bliss;
With joy Thine earthly courts we'll leave
 To dwell where JESUS is.

William Hordle,
[1816].

197

7's-

- 1 **H**OLY FATHER! Whom we praise
 With imperfect accents here;
Ancient of eternal days!
 LORD of heaven and earth and air!
Stooping from amid the blaze
 Of the flaming seraphim,
Hear and help us while we raise
 This our Sabbath evening hymn.
- 2 We have trod Thy temple, LORD!
 We have joined the public praise,
We have heard Thy holy word,
 We have sought Thy heavenly grace;

Evening (The Lord's Day).

All Thy goodness we record,
All our powers to Thee we bring,
Keep us in Thy watch and ward
'Neath the night's o'ershadowing.

- 3 We have seen Thy dying love,
JESUS, once for sinners slain!
We would follow Thee above;
We with Thee would rise and reign :
May each passing Sabbath prove
Sweet with new delight in Thee;
SPIRIT ! on our natures move,
Fit us for eternity !

Thomas Binney,
1798—1874.

L.M.

198

- 1 **M**ILLIONS within Thy courts have met,
Millions this day before Thee bowed
Their faces toward Thy face were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed :
- 2 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truth, Thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.
- 3 Soon as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, or deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke
Sabbath all round the world to keep.
- 4 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh ;
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

Public Worship:

- 5 Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chastened sons have kissed the rod,
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their GOD.
- 6 Yet one prayer more! and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord;
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy SON,
Let all that breathe call JESUS, LORD!

**James Montgomery,*
1771—1854.

199

9.8.

- 1 **T**HE day Thou gavest, LORD! is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymn ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.
- 2 We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

Evening (The Lord's Day).

- 5 So be it, LORD! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton,
1826—

8.4.

200

- 1 **T**HE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.
- 2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O CHRIST! when all is gone,
Safe home at last.
- 3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high,
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;
- 4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art LORD of all!

**Godfrey Thring,*
1823—

Public Worship:

201

8's.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour! bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instil,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle JESUS, be our Light!
- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all;
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle JESUS, be our Light!
- 3 Grant us, dear LORD! from evil ways
 True absolution and release;
 And bless us more than in past days
 With purity and inward peace:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle JESUS, be our Light!
- 4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle JESUS, be our Light!
- 5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad,
 Thou art our JESUS, and our All:
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle JESUS, be our Light!

Evening (The Lord's Day).

- 6 Our Saviour, bless us! night is come,
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee;
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle JESUS, be our Light!

*Frederick William Faber,
1815—1863.*

L.M.

202

- 1 **A**T even ere the sun was set,
The sick, O LORD! around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour CHRIST! our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;
- 5 And none, O LORD! have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

Public Worship:

- 6 O Saviour CHRIST! Thou too art man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all!

Henry Twells,
1823—

203

L.M.

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
- 2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 3 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, LORD! the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Evening.

- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

**John Keble,*
1792—1866.

6.4.6.

204

- 1 THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
- 2 As CHRIST upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His FATHER'S hands
His parting soul resigned,
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In Whom all spirits live;
- 4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
- 5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Public Worship:

- 6 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.
- 7 One sacred TRINITY!
One LORD divine!
Myself for ever His,
And He for ever mine!

*Rendered from a late Latin Hymn by
Edward Caswall,
[1858].*

205

10's.

- 1 **T**HE day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sun-
light glows;
O Brightness of Thy FATHER'S glory, Thou
Eternal Light of light, be with us now!
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be,
Midnight is glorious noon, O LORD, with
Thee!
- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave! be Thou our
Guide,
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, LORD! in lonesome days, when storms
assail,

Evening.

And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "*Fear not, for it is I.*"

- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O LORD, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide!

**Bishop Christopher Wordsworth,
1807—*

7's.

206

- 1 **G**OD the FATHER! be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our Light!
- 2 GOD the SAVIOUR! be our Peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light!
- 3 GOD the SPIRIT! deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light!
- 4 HOLY TRINITY! be nigh,
Mystery of love adored!
Help to live, and help to die,
Lighten all our darkness, LORD!

*George Rawson,
[1853].*

Public Worship:

207

P.M.

- 1 **G**OD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Bishop Reginald Heber,
1783—1826.

- 2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still whate'er befall us
Thy will obey;
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor Thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

Thomas Darling,
[1857].

- 3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie;
When the last dread call shall wake us
Do not Thou, our GOD! forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

Archbishop Richard Whately,
1787—1863.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and over ;
 All thanks, O LORD, to Thee !
 I pray Thee now that sinless
 The hours of dark may be :
O JESUS ! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

- 2 The joys of day are over ;
 I lift my heart to Thee,
 And ask Thee that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be :
O JESUS ! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

- 3 The toils of day are over ;
 I raise the hymn to Thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of dark may be :
O JESUS ! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

- 4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
 For Thou alone dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which I have to go :
O loving JESUS ! hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

*Rendered from the Greek (5th Century) by
John Mason Neale,
1818—1866.*

Public Worship:

209

10's.

- 1 SAVIOUR! again to Thy dear Name we
raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise,
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end, the
day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy
Name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, LORD! through the
coming night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children
free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O LORD, to Thine eternal peace!

John Ellerton,
1826—

210

C.M.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign! let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

Evening.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for Him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!
- 5 LORD! with this guilty heart of mine
To Thy dear cross I flee,
And to Thy grace my soul resign
To be renewed by Thee.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

8.7.

211

- 1 SAVIOUR! breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal;
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary
Darkness cannot hide from Thee,
Thou art He Who never weary
Watches where His people be;

Public Worship:

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light, and deathless bloom!

James Edmeston,
1791—1867.

212

8.7.

- 1 **H**EAR my prayer, O heavenly FATHER!
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thine angels pure and holy
Round my bed their vigil keep.
- 2 Great my sins are, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one,
Down before the cross I cast them
Trusting in Thy help alone.
- 3 Keep me through this night of peril
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.
- 4 None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy SON hath wrought.
- 5 Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come,
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thine angels bid me home.

Harriett Parr,
[1856].

Evening.

8's. (*Anapæstic*)

213

- 1 **I**NSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine!
My all to Thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
- 2 If Thou art my shield and my sun
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on
They bring me but nearer to Thee.
- 3 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while Thy saints are asleep,
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.
- 4 Their worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing,
And while they protect my repose
They chant to the praise of my King.
- 5 I too, at the season ordained,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love and adore without end
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

Augustus Montague Toplady,
1740—1778.

L.M.

214

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my GOD! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings!

Public Worship:

- 2 Forgive me, LORD! for Thy dear SON,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I ere I sleep at peace may be.
- 3 When in the night I sleepless lie
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 4 O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!
- 5 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 6 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.

Bishop Thomas Ken,
1637—1711.

215

10's.

- 1 **A** BIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; LORD, with
me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Evening.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away,
Change and decay in all around I see,
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 Come not in terrors as the King of kings,
But kind and good with healing in Thy
wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with
me!
- 4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's
power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with
me!
- 5 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave! thy
victory?
I triumph still if Thou abide with me!
- 6 Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life and death, O LORD, abide with me!

**Henry Francis Lyte,
1793—1847.*

THE WORD OF GOD.

216

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, LORD!
In every star Thy wisdom shines,
But when our eyes behold Thy word
We read Thy Name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blessed volume Thou hast writ
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 3 Sun moon and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run,
Till CHRIST hath all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 3 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light!
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
LORD, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven!

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

His Testimonies our Delights.

C.M.

217

- 1 **L**AMP of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace;
Brook by the traveller's way;
- 2 Bread of our souls whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
And sheltering cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;
- 4 Word of the everlasting GOD,
Will of His glorious SON,
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 LORD! grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton,
1784—1849.

6's.

218

- 1 **L**ORD! Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

The Word of God:

- 2 When our foes are near us
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.
- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying:
- 6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
LORD, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

**Sir Henry Williams Baker,
1821—*

219

S.M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, GOD;
And all His starry works on high
Proclaim His power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach His name.

His Testimonies our Delights.

- 3 Untired, the morning sun
Renews his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 4 But where the gospel comes
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 5 How perfect is Thy word!
And all Thy judgments just!
For ever sure Thy promise, LORD,
And men securely trust.
- 6 My gracious GOD, how plain
Are Thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.

C.M.

220

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

The Word of God:

- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious LORD!
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele,
1716—1778.

221

L.M.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my LORD!
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon,
With long despair the spirit breaks
Till we apply to CHRIST alone.
- 3 How well Thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy Thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

His Testimonies our Delights.

- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

8's.

222

- 1 **T**HY glory, LORD! the heavens declare,
The firmament displays Thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm, Thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy knowledge teach.
- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear
Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along;
Till round the earth from all the sky
Thy beauty beams on every eye,
- 3 Waked by Thy touch, the morning sun
Comes, like a bridegroom from his bower,
And like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power,
Thy flaming messenger to dart
Life through the depth of nature's heart.
- 4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
My soul Thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, Thy love to me.

**James Montgomery,*
1771—1854.

The Word of God :

223

C.M.

- 1 **H**OW shall we, LORD! secure our hearts,
And guard our lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind
It spreads such light abroad
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to GOD.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these Thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.
- 5 But still Thy laws and gospel, LORD!
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748

His Testimonies our Delights.

L.M.

224

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundation laid !
Praise to the GOD Whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please !
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the LORD
Who rules His people by His word !
And there, as strong as His decrees,
He sets His kindest promises.
- 3 Firm are the words His prophets give,
Sweet words on which His children live ;
Each of them is the voice of GOD
Who spake and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith ;
To embrace the message of His SON,
And call the joys of heaven our own :
- 5 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 6 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And His own courts His power sustains.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

The Word of God:

225

C.M.

- 1 **T**HY word is like a mine, O LORD!
And jewels rich and rare
Are hidden in its mighty depths
For every searcher there.
- 2 Thy word is like the starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen, to guide the traveller
And make his pathway bright.
- 3 Thy word is like a glorious choir,
And loud its anthems ring;
Though many tongues and parts unite
It is one song they sing.
- 4 Thy word is like an armoury,
Where soldiers may repair
And find, for life's long battle-day,
All needful weapons there.
- 5 O may I love Thy precious word;
May I explore the mine;
May I its many voices hear;
May light upon me shine;
- 6 O may I find my armour there,
Thy word my trusty sword,
And I will fight with every sin
The battle of the LORD!

**Edwin Hodder,
[1863].*

The Gospel of our Salvation.

7.6.

226

- 1 **O** WORD of GOD Incarnate ;
O Wisdom from on high ;
O Truth unchanged, unchanging ;
O Light of our dark sky !
We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.
- 2 The church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It shineth like a beacon
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O CHRIST! to Thee.
- 3 O make Thy church, dear Saviour !
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till clouds and darkness ended
They see Thee face to face !

**William Walsham How,*
1823—

S.M.

227

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune !
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done ;

The Word of God:

- 2 Sing how eternal Love
His chief Belovèd chose,
And bade Him raise our fallen race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When CHRIST was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 4 Now sinners dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease,
Bow to the sceptre of His love
And take the offered peace.
- 5 LORD! we obey Thy call;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy Name.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

228

7's.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in JESUS' name,
Ye who His salvation prove
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove
Cancelled by redeeming love.

The Gospel of our Salvation.

- 3 Ye who long, alas ! have been
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.
- 4 Welcome all by sin oppressed !
Welcome to the Saviour's breast !
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing, but redeeming love.
- 5 Hither then your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string ;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love !

William Langford,
[1763].

L.M.

229

- 1 **N**OW to the power of GOD supreme
Be everlasting honours given !
He saves from death, we bless His Name ;
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of His own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.
- 3 'Twas His own purpose that begun
To rescue sinners doomed to die ;
He gave us grace in CHRIST His SON
Before He spread the starry sky.

The Gospel of our Salvation.

- 4 JESUS the LORD appears at last,
And makes His FATHER'S counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies, and in that dreadful night
Did all the power of death destroy;
Rising, He brought our heaven to light
And took possession of the joy.

Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

230

7's.

- 1 PRAISE and thanks to Thee be sung,
Mighty GOD! in sweetest tone;
Lo! from every land and tongue
Nations gather round Thy throne,
Praising Thee that Thou dost send
Daily, from Thy heaven above,
Angel messengers of love
Who Thy threatened ones defend.
- 2 'Tis their office, spirits bright,
Still to guard us night and day;
And before their heavenly might
Powers of darkness flee away;

The Ministry of Angels.

And the wearied heart grows strong,
As an angel strengthened Him
Fainting in the garden dim,
'Neath the world's vast woe and wrong.

- 3 Right and seemly is it then
We should glory that our GOD
Hath such honour put on men,
That He sends o'er earth abroad
Princes of the realm above,
Champions, who by day and night
Shield us with His holy might;
Come, behold how great His love!

Rendered from the German of
— Rist,
[1655].

by Catherine Winkworth,
[1855].

L.M.

231

- 1 **T**HEY come, GOD'S messengers of love,
They come from realms of peace above,
From homes of never-fading light,
From blissful mansions ever bright.
- 2 They come to watch around us here,
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear,
They come to speed us on our way;
God willeth them with us to stay.
- 3 But chiefly at its journey's end
'Tis theirs the spirit to befriend,
And whisper to the willing heart,
"O Christian soul, in peace depart."

The Ministry of Angels

- 4 Blest JESUS! Thou Whose groans and tears
Have sanctified frail nature's fears,
To earth in bitter sorrow weighed
Thou didst not scorn Thine angel's aid.
- 5 To us the zeal of angels give
With love to serve Thee while we live;
To us an angel guard supply
When on the bed of death we lie.
- 6 So when the toils of earth are past
We may attain to bliss at last,
And with the choirs of angels sing
Glory to the eternal King.

Robert Campbell,
[1850].

232

S.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is no night in heaven;
In that blest world above
Work never can bring weariness,
For work itself is love:
There is no night in heaven;
Yet nightly round the bed
Of every Christian wanderer
Faith hears an angel tread.
- 2 There is no grief in heaven;
For life is one glad day,
And tears are of those former things
Which all have passed away:
There is no grief in heaven;
Yet angels from on high
On golden pinions earthward glide,
The Christian's tears to dry.

to the Heirs of Salvation.

- 3 There is no sin in heaven ;
Behold that blessèd throng !
All holy is their spotless robe,
All holy is their song :
There is no sin in heaven ;
Here, who from sin is free ?
Yet angels aid us in our strife
For CHRIST'S true liberty.
- 4 There is no death in heaven ;
For they who gain that shore
Have put on immortality,
And they can die no more :
There is no death in heaven ;
But when the Christian dies
The angels wait his parting soul,
And waft it to the skies.

(*American*)
Altered by Robert Hall Baynes,
[1863].

C.M.

233

- 1 **T**EN thousand thousand are Thy hosts,
O CHRIST, our glorious King !
And round Thy throne for evermore
Thy praise they joyful sing.
- 2 To Thee their glory and their joy,
Their boundless bliss they owe ;
And by their service swift and sure
Their ardent love they show.
- 3 On Thine, as once they did on Thee,
They count it joy to wait ;
Nor mourn, on works of mercy sent,
To leave their heavenly state.

The Ministry of Angels.

- 4 Bidden by Thee, they camp around
The weakest of Thy saints,
To shield him when the foe assails,
To cheer him when he faints.
- 5 O Saviour of this sinful world !
Make us for ever Thine,
That with Thy radiant angel-host
We may in glory shine.

Robert Aitken Bertram,
[1864].

THE DIVINE LIFE IN MAN.

234

L.M.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, LORD ! O LORD forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live !
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great GOD ! Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean !
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

The broken & the contrite heart.

- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
LORD! should Thy judgment grow severe
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Yet save a trembling sinner, LORD!
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

8.4.

235

- 1 **T**HERE is a holy sacrifice
Which GOD Himself will not despise;
Our heavenly FATHER deigns to prize
A contrite heart.
- 2 The HOLY ONE, the SON of GOD,
His presence there will shed abroad,
And hallow for His own abode
The contrite heart.
- 3 The blessèd SPIRIT from on high
Will listen to its faintest sigh,
And heal, and cheer, and purify
The contrite heart.
- 4 Saviour! I make my prayer to Thee—
Such as Thou lovest I would be;
In mercy, LORD! bestow on me
A contrite heart.

*James Montgomery,
1771—1854.*

The Divine Life in Man :

236

L.M.

- 1 **W**ITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, LORD! I cry,
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free ;
“ *O God, be merciful to me!*”
- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed,
CHRIST and His cross my only plea ;
“ *O God, be merciful to me!*”
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
“ *O God, be merciful to me!*”
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone,
To Calvary alone I flee ;
“ *O God, be merciful to me!*”
- 5 And when redeemed from sin and hell
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be
GOD has been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven,
[1852].

237

8.6.

- 1 **O** THOU Who hast redeemed of old,
And bidd'st me of Thy strength lay
hold,
And be at peace with Thee ;

The broken & the contrite heart.

Help me Thy benefits to own,
And make me know what Thou hast done,
O dying LAMB, for me!

2 Vouchsafe the eye of faith to see
The Man transfixed on Calvary,
To know Thee Who Thou art,
The one eternal GOD and true!
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls! to rescue mine
Reveal the charity divine
That suffered in my stead,
That made Thy soul a sacrifice,
And closed in death those gracious eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

4 The veil of unbelief remove;
And by Thy manifested love,
And by Thy sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get Thyself the victory,
And bring me back to GOD.

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

S.M.

238

1 **O**PPRESSED with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear,
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 With this polluted heart
 I dare to come to Thee
 Holy and mighty as Thou art,
 For Thou wilt pardon me.
- 3 I feel that I am weak,
 And prone to every sin ;
 But Thou Who giv'st to those who seek
 Wilt give me strength within.
- 4 I need not fear my foes,
 I need not yield to care,
 I need not sink beneath my woes,
 For Thou wilt answer prayer.
- 5 In my Redeemer's name
 I give myself to Thee ;
 And, all unworthy as I am,
 My GOD will welcome me.

Anne Brontë,
1820—1849.

239

S.M.

- 1 **A**H ! whither should I go,
 Burdened, and sick, and faint ?
 To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint ?
- 2 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from Him I stay.

The broken & the contrite heart.

- 3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart ?
- 4 JESUS! the hindrance show
Which I have feared to see,
Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.
- 5 Searcher of hearts! in mine
Thy trying power display,
Into its darkest corners shine
And take the veil away.

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

7.6.

240

- 1 **O** JESUS! Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er :
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!
- 2 O JESUS! Thou art knocking ;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred :
O LORD! with shame and sorrow
We open now the door ;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore !

**William Walsham How,
1823—*

The Divine Life in Man :

241

L.M.

- 1 **O** THOU that hearest when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before Thee lie
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, my GOD ! restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved Thy SPIRIT, LORD !
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let me come anear Thy throne
To plead the merits of Thy SON.
- 5 A broken heart, my GOD, my King !
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The GOD of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 O may Thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The LORD, my strength and righteousness.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

The broken & the contrite heart.

7's.

242

1 **H**EAL me, O my Saviour! heal;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now—
Cheerless, none can cheer—but Thou;
Suppliant, LORD! to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O CHRIST! canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

6 Heal me then, my Saviour; heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal.

**Godfrey Thring.*
1823—

7's.

243

1 **S**INFUL, sighing to be blest;
Bound, and longing to be free;
Weary, waiting for my rest;
“*God be merciful to me!*”

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need ;
 " God be merciful to me ! "
- 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs ;
 " God be merciful to me ! "
- 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee,
I am not my own, but Thine ;
 " God be merciful to me ! "
- 5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone ;
 " God be merciful to me ! "
- 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be,
He's my all—and for His sake
 " God be merciful to me ! "

** John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

- 1 JUST as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O LAMB of GOD ! I come.

The Return to God.

- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O LAMB of GOD! I come.
- 3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O LAMB of GOD! I come.
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea all I need, in Thee to find,
O LAMB of GOD! I come.
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O LAMB of GOD! I come.
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,
Now to be Thine, yea Thine alone,
O LAMB of GOD! I come.

**Charlotte Elliott,
1789—1871.*

L.M.

245

- 1 **H**OW shall a contrite spirit pray?
A broken heart its griefs make known?
A weary wanderer find the way
To peace and rest? through CHRIST alone.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 He died that we might die to sin ;
He rose that we to GOD might rise ;
By His own blood He entered in
The holy place beyond the skies,
- 3 Where as our great High-Priest He stands,
And pleads before the mercy-seat ;
Our cause is in His faithful hands,
Our enemies beneath His feet.
- 4 FATHER ! in Him we claim our part,
For Thy SON'S sake accept us now ;
In Him well-pleased Thou always art,
Well-pleased with us through Him be
Thou.
- 5 O look on Thine anointed One !
The gift of Him is all our plea ;
Our righteousness, what He hath done ;
Our prayer, His prayer for us to Thee :
- 6 So, while He intercedes above
In His dear Name may we believe,
And all the fulness of Thy love
Into our inmost souls receive.

James Montgomery,
1771—1854.

246

8's.

- 1 O GOD of our forefathers ! hear,
And make Thy faithful mercies known ;
To Thee by JESUS we draw near,
Thy suffering, well-belovèd SON,
In Whom Thy smiling face we see,
Through Whom we are at peace with Thee.

The Return to God.

- 2 With solemn faith we offer up,
And spread before Thy glorious eyes,
The only ground of all our hope,
That reconciling Sacrifice
Which brings Thy grace on sinners down,
And perfects all our souls in one.
- 3 Acceptance through His only Name,
Forgiveness for His sake we have;
But more abundant life we claim,
Through Him Who died our souls to save,
To sanctify us by His blood,
And fill with all the life of GOD.
- 4 O FATHER! hear Thy pleading SON;
Behold the wounds He shows above;
On us send all Thy graces down,
Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all Thou hast, and all Thou art!

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

C.M.

247

- 1 **T**HOU art the Way, by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the FATHER seek,
Must seek Him, LORD! by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart,
Thou only canst instruct the mind
And purify the heart.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 Thou art the Life, the empty tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm,
- 4 JESUS, the Way, the Truth, the Life!
To us that wisdom give
By Thee to seek the FATHER'S face,
In Thee alone to live.

*Bishop George Washington Doane,
1799—1859.*

248

7's.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy riven side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.

The Return to God.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath ;
When my eyelids close in death ;
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

**Augustus Montague Toplady,*
1740—1778.

S.M.

249

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain ;
- 2 But CHRIST the heavenly LAMB
Takes all our sins away,
A Sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the LAMB with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

The Divine Life in Man :

250

L.M.

- 1 JESUS! Thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in this arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head.

*From the German of
Paul Eber,
1511—1569.*

- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
JESUS hath lived and died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay,
Since through Thy death absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame?
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years,
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of CHRIST is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, LORD! Thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
JESUS, the LORD our Righteousness.

*From the German of
Nicholas Louis Zinzendorf,
1700—1760.*

*Rendered by John Wesley,
[1740].*

The Joy of Salvation.

L.M.

251

- 1 JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good;
To them that find Thee all in all!
- 3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blessed when our faith can hold Thee fast.
- 5 O JESUS, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light!

*Rendered from the Latin of
Bernard of Clairvaux,
1091—1153,
by Ray Palmer,
[1865].*

C.M.

252

- 1 HOW sweet the name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace!
- 4 JESUS! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought:
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

**John Newton,
1725—1807.*

253

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD! I was blind, I could not see
In Thy marred visage any grace;
But now the beauty of Thy face
In radiant vision dawns on me!

The Joy of Salvation.

- 2 LORD! I was deaf, I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And sweet are all Thy words, and dear!
- 3 LORD! I was dumb, I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name;
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake!
- 4 LORD! I was dead, I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now since Thou hast quickened me
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre!
- 5 For Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity!

William Tidd Matson,
[1866].

C.M.

254

- 1 JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blessed name,
O Saviour of mankind!

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 O hope of every contrite heart !
O joy of all the meek !
To those who fall how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !
- 4 And those who find Thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of JESUS what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 JESUS! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be ;
JESUS! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

*Rendered from the Latin of
Bernard of Clairvaux,
1091—1153,
by Edward Caswall,
[1849],*

255

C.M.

- 1 **O** JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,
In Whom all joys are found !
- 2 Thy wondrous mercies are untold
Through each returning day,
Thy love exceeds a thousand fold
Whatever we can say.
- 3 May every heart confess Thy Name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And seeking Thee itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

The Joy of Salvation.

- 4 O JESUS, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire;
- 5 When once Thou visitest the heart
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 6 O JESUS, Thou the Beauty art
Of angel-worlds above!
Thy name is music to the heart,
Enchanting it with love.
- 7 Stay with us, LORD! and with Thy light
Illume the soul's abyss;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And fill the world with bliss.
- 8 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

*Rendered from the Latin of
Bernard of Clairvaux,
1091—1153,
by Edward Caswall,
[1849].*

C.M.

256

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song;
O may His love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach !
What mortal tongue display !
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away !
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy ;
JESUS be our supreme delight,
His praise our blessed employ.
- 4 JESUS, Who left His throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die,
Was ever love like His !
- 5 Dear LORD ! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say
The Saviour died for me.
- 6 O may the sweet the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song !

Anne Steele,
1716—1778.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the King of glory near !
The Saviour of the world is here ;
Life and salvation doth he bring,
Wherefore rejoice and gladly sing.

The Joy of Salvation.

- 2 The LORD is just, a Helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side;
The end of all our woe He brings,
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.
- 3 O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple set apart;
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.
- 5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, LORD, abide!
Let me Thine inner presence feel,
Thy grace and love in me reveal!

*Rendered from the German of
George Weiszel,
1590—1635,
by Catherine Winkworth,
[1855].*

C.M.

258

- 1 **O** LORD! I would delight in Thee,
And on Thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best my only Friend.
- 2 **W**hen all created streams are dried
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in Thy Name.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
That is not best in Thee,
I must have all things and abound
While GOD is GOD to me.
- 5 O that I had a stronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my Saviour saith
Whose word can never fail !
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure
Will here all good provide ;
While CHRIST is rich, can I be poor ?
What can I want beside !
- 7 O LORD ! I cast my care on Thee ;
I triumph, and adore ;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please Thee more.

John Ryland.

1753—1825.

259

8's.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden Source of calm repose !
Thou all-sufficient Love divine !
My Help and Refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine ;
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, JESUS ! in Thy Name.

The Joy of Salvation.

2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me with Thy dear Name are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 JESUS! my all in all Thou art—
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
In war my peace, in loss my gain,
My joy beneath the worldling's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown.

4 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at Thy boundless love!

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

10's.

260

1 **N**OT what I am, O LORD! but what
Thou art,
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

2 It blesses now, and shall for ever bless;
It saves me now, and shall for ever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness;
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 I am all want and hunger, this faint heart
Pines for a fulness which it finds not here ;
Dear ones are leaving, and as they depart
Make room within for something yet more
dear.
- 4 'Tis what I know of Thee, my LORD and
GOD !
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with
song ;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod ;
Leaning on Thee, in weakness I am strong.
- 5 More of Thyself O show me hour by hour,
More of Thy glory, O my GOD and LORD !
More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,
More of Thy love and truth, incarnate Word !

**Horatius Bonar,*
1808—

261

C.M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of
life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my GOD shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

The Joy of Salvation.

- 3 The hosts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the just,
Protection He affords to all
Who make His name their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 5 Fear Him, ye saints! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Nahum Tate, and Nicholas Brady,
1652—1715. 1659—1726.

8.7.8.

262

- 1 O JESUS! sweetest holiest Name
To GOD's dear children given,
A solace in their weariness,
A foretaste of their heaven;
To every mourning, anxious breast
It whispers everlasting rest.
- 2 No Name has such a power as this
To heal the broken-hearted,
And point the soul to realms of bliss
From grief o'er hopes departed,
To fill us with adoring love,
To fit us for the joys above.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 No Name like this can soothe our fears
When sin or Satan rages ;
The fount of life through endless years,
Which human grief assuages ;
A fountain ever full and free,
Which flowed and flows from Calvary.
- 4 No Name like this can raise the weak,
By guilt and woe dejected ;
Or turn the prodigals to seek
Their FATHER, long neglected ;
It bids their dark misgivings cease,
And points them to a home of peace.
- 5 JESUS ! I love Thy charming Name,
All other names transcending ;
My only all-sufficient claim
To glory never ending ;
My passport to those realms above
Where all extol Thy boundless love.

John Graham,
[1858].

263

8.7.

- 1 COME Thou Fount of every blessing !
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Teach me some celestial measure
Sung by ransomed hosts above—
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of my LORD'S unchanging love !

The Joy of Salvation.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
JESUS sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of GOD,
He to rescue me from danger
Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace, LORD ! like a fetter
Bind my wandering heart to Thee ;
Prone to wander, LORD ! I feel it,
Prone to leave the GOD I love ;
Take my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above !

Robert Robinson,
1735—1790.

C.M.

264

- 1 **W**E love Thee, LORD ! yet not alone
because Thy bounteous hand
Shows down its rich and ceaseless gifts on
ocean and on land ;
We praise Thee, gracious LORD ! for these,
yet not for these alone
The incense of Thy children's love arises to
Thy throne.
- 2 We love Thee, LORD ! because when we had
erred and gone astray,
Thou didst recal our wandering souls into
the heavenward way ;

The Divine Life in Man :

When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin
and sorrow's night,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of Thy
benignant light ;

- 3 Because when we forsook Thy ways, nor
kept Thy holy will,
Thou wert not the avenging Judge, but
gracious FATHER still ;
Because we have forgot Thee, LORD ! yet
Thou hast not forgot ;
Because we have forsaken Thee, yet Thou
forsakest not ;

- 4 Because, O LORD ! Thou lovedst us with
everlasting love ;
And sentest down Thy SON to die, that we
might live above ;
Because when we were heirs of wrath Thou
gavest hopes of heaven :
Yes ! much we love, who much have sinned
and much have been forgiven.

Julia Anne Elliott.
[1835].

265

6. 10.

- 1 **B**IRDS have their quiet nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his
peaceful bed,
All creatures have their rest,
But JESUS had not where to lay His head.

Gratitude and Consecration.

- 2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy-laden rest,
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe my griefs to slumber on His breast.
- 3 I, who once made Him grieve;
I, who once made His gentle spirit mourn;
Whose hand essayed to weave
For His meek brow the cruel crown of thorn.
- 4 O why should I have peace?
Why? but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not, cease
Until it made me heir of joys above.
- 5 Yes, but for pardoning grace
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of the face
That once was pale and agonised for me.
- 6 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour! in my breast
Deign to repose Thy oft-rejected head.
- 7 On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin;
O come and take Thy rest
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.

L.M.

266

- 1 **O** NOT upon our waiting eyes,
LORD, did the heavenly lustre break;
Not to our love's beseeching cries
Did Love divine slow answer make.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 We made no haste to seek Thy face ;
Thy angels found no listening ear ;
We did not urge Thy lingering grace,
Nor win Thy distant glory near.
- 3 O, no ! Thy voice was first to speak,
Thy glory, LORD, was swift to come,
Thy love made gracious haste to seek
And sweetly urge the wanderers home.
- 4 The heavenly glory would descend
Ere angel-wings to us were given ;
And Love divine would earthward bend
To make our souls in love with heaven.
- 5 O ! if with holy fire we burn,
'Tis from the flame celestial caught ;
Yes ! heavenward now we sometimes yearn
Since heaven our souls so sweetly sought.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

267

L.M.

- 1 **N**OW to the LORD a noble song !
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue !
Hosanna to the eternal Name !
And all His boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in JESUS' face,
The brightest Image of His grace ;
GOD in the person of His SON
Hath all His mightiest works outdone.

Gratitude and Consecration.

- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful GOD,
And Thy rich*glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in His face a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thy hands ;
The radiant lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 O may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils His lovely face,
Where all His beauties they behold,
And sing His Name to harps of gold !

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

C.M.

268

- 1 **Y**E souls for whom the SON did die,
In whom the SPIRIT dwells,
Your sweet amazement riseth high
And strong your rapture swells.
- 2 Yet the revealing SPIRIT keeps
More truth, more grace in store ;
Sublimer heights, diviner deeps,
He biddeth you explore.
- 3 Ye bless the love that did redeem,
The love that did renew,
But farther on the heavenly stream
Of love ye still pursue.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 4 In sweet amazement still ye mount,
The stream divine ye trace
High up unto its very fount,
The FATHER'S endless grace.
- 5 Who sparèd not that SON divine?
Who sent that SPIRIT sweet?
FATHER! the work of love is Thine,
The wonder is complete!
- 6 LORD! would'st Thou set Thy love on me
And choose me in Thy SON?
LORD! hath my heart been given to Thee?
Hath love in me begun?
- 7 Ne'er let Thy smile from me depart,
My heart from Thee remove!
Eternal Lover! teach my heart
Thine own eternal love.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

269

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, how wonderful Thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!
- 2 How dread are Thine eternal years!
O everlasting LORD,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

Gratitude and Consecration.

- 3 Thou glorious GOD how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be!
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!
- 4 O how I fear Thee, Living GOD!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love Thee too, O LORD!
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.
- 7 FATHER of JESUS, GOD of love!
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And ever gaze on Thee!

Frederick William Faber.
1815—1863.

C.M.

270

- 1 **M**Y heart is resting, O my GOD!
I will give thanks and sing,
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill,
For waters of the earth have failed
And I am thirsting still ;
- 3 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies ;
- 4 And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set ;
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet !
- 5 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see,
The hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me !
- 6 My heart is resting on His truth
Who hath made all things mine ;
Who draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

Anna Latitia Waring.
[1850].

271

C.M.

- 1 OUR FATHER sits on yonder throne,
Amidst the hosts above ;
He reigns throughout the worlds alone,
He reigns, the GOD of love !
He knew us when we knew Him not,
Was with us though unseen,
His favour came to us unsought,
His love has wondrous been.

Gratitude and Consecration.

- 2 He gives us hope that we shall be
E'er long with Him above,
That we shall all His glory see,
And share His endless love;
Then let us while we dwell below
Give ear unto His voice,
To His good pleasure humbly bow,
And in His Name rejoice!

Thomas Kelly,
1769—1855.

L.M.

272

- 1 **O** LORD! Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart,
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee.
- 2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ
One thought shall fill my soul with joy,
That silent secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.
- 3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thou'rt present, LORD, in every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.
- 4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of Thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in Thee.

Rendered from the German of
John Frederick Oberlin,
1740—1826,
by Mrs. Daniel Wilson,
[1829].

The Divine Life in Man :

273

L.M.

- 1 **O** THOU Who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart !
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its Source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.
- 3 JESUS ! confirm my heart's desire
To work and speak and think for Thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me ;
- 4 Ready for all Thy perfect will
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thine endless mercies seal
And make my sacrifice complete.

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

274

C.M.

- 1 **W**ITH sin I would not make abode
While shines each golden hour ;
Nor keep away from Thee, my GOD !
Till falls my blissful bower.
- 2 I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess Thy love ;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then Thy service prove.

Gratitude and Consecration.

- 3 O not for Thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
O not for Thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!
- 4 LORD! in the fulness of my might
I would for Thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight
To Thee should soar my song.
- 5 O choose me in my golden time!
In my dear joys have part!
For Thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart!
- 6 I cannot, LORD! too early take
The covenant divine;
O! ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was Thine.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

C.M.

275

- 1 **M**Y blessèd Saviour! is Thy love
So great, so full, so free!
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all, to Thee.
- 2 I love Thee for the glorious worth
Which in Thyself I see;
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 Though in the very form of GOD,
With heavenly glory crowned,
Thou would'st partake of human flesh
Beset with troubles round.
- 4 Thou would'st like wretched man be made
In every thing but sin,
That we as like Thee might become
As we unlike had been.
- 5 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace;
From glory thus to glory changed
As we behold Thy face.

Joseph Stennett,
1663—1713.

276

7's.

- 1 **T**HINE for ever: GOD of love!
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever: LORD of life!
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever: O how blessed
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end!

Self-surrender and Service.

- 4 Thine for ever : Saviour ! keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine for ever : Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, LORD ! from earth to heaven.

Mary Fawler Maude,
[1848].

C.M.

277

- 1 **O** NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred ;
O give me a diviner name,
Call me Thy servant, LORD !
- 2 Sweet title that delighteth me,
Rank earnestly implored ;
O what can reach the dignity
Of Thy true servants, LORD !
- 3 No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free ;
O not mine own, O not mine own,
LORD ! I belong to Thee.
- 4 In each aspiring burst of prayer
Sweet leave my soul would ask
Thine every burden, LORD ! to bear,
To do Thine every task.

The Divine Life in Man :

5 For ever LORD ! Thy servant choose,
Nought of Thy claim abate ;
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

6 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me !
The same sweet style and title given
Through all eternity.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,*
1819—

278

8.4.

- 1 **O** LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea !
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all ?
- 2 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all !
- 3 Thou didst not spare Thine only SON,
But gavest Him for a world undone,
And even that gift Thou dost outrun
And give us all !
- 4 Thou givest the SPIRIT's blessèd dower,
SPIRIT of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

Self-surrender and Service.

- 5 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
FATHER ! what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?
- 6 We *lose* what on ourselves we spend,
We *have* as treasure without end
Whatever, LORD ! to Thee we lend,
Who givest all ;
- 7 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with Thee live,
Giver of all !

**Bishop Christopher Wordsworth,
1807—*

L.M.

279

- 1 **A** WAKE, my zeal ! awake, my love !
To serve my Saviour here below
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels, cannot do.
- 2 Awake, my charity ! to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor ;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.
- 3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul !
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes to encounter there ;
LORD ! I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.
- 5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain Thy gospel fresh renown ;
And when my life and labours cease
May I possess the promised crown.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

280

S.M.

- 1 **W**E give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be ;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O LORD, from Thee.
- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive ;
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 O hearts are bruised and dead ;
And homes are bare and cold ;
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold !
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

Self-surrender and Service.

- 5 The captive to release,
To GOD the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for Thine we do, O LORD!
We do it unto Thee.

*William Walsham How,
1823—

C.M.

281

- 1 FATHER of mercies! send Thy grace
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know
Kindly to share in others joy,
And weep for others woe!
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So JESUS looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies,
And while possessing boundless wealth
He felt compassion rise.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 5 For us, mean wretched sinful men,
He laid His glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.
- 6 O be His law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought !
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish aim forgot !

**Philip Doddridge,*
1702—1751.

282

C.M.

- 1 JESUS, my LORD ! in radiant light
Dost Thou enthronèd shine ;
What can my poverty bestow
When all the worlds are Thine ?
- 2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy FATHER'S face.
- 3 In their sad accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard ;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed
And visited and cheered.
- 4 Thy face, with reverence and with love
I in Thy poor would see,
For while I minister to them
I do it, LORD, to Thee !

**Philip Doddridge,*
1702—1751.

Self-surrender and Service.

L.M.

283

- 1 **M**Y GOD, my King! Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some grateful tribute to Thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine;
Let earth round all her shores proclaim
The sacred honours of Thy Name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise!

*Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.

The Divine Life in Man :

284

8.6.

- 1 **D**ISMISS me not Thy service, LORD!
But train me for Thy will,
For even I in fields so broad
Some duties may fulfil ;
And I will ask for no reward
Except to serve Thee still.
- 2 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases Thee ;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity ;
And neither man nor work unblessed
Wilt Thou permit to be.
- 3 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day,
Sharing His service every one
Share too His Son-ship may ;
LORD ! I would serve and be a son,
Dismiss me not I pray !

**Thomas Toke Lynch,
1818—1871.*

285

6's.

- 1 **T**HY way, not mine, O LORD,
However dark it be !
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 3 I dare not choose my lot,
I would not if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my GOD!
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.
- 6 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
- 7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my all.

**Horatius Bonar,*
1808—

1 **I**T is Thy hand, my GOD!
My sorrow comes from Thee,
I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
'Tis love that bruises me.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 I would not murmur, LORD!
Before Thee I am dumb;
Lest I should breathe one murmuring word
To Thee for help I come.
- 3 My GOD! Thy name is Love,
A FATHER'S hand is Thine;
With tearful eyes I look above,
And cry, Thy will be mine!
- 4 I know Thy will is right,
Though it may seem severe;
Thy path is still unsullied light,
Though dark it may appear.
- 5 JESUS for me hath died,
Thy SON Thou didst not spare;
His piercéd hands, His bleeding side,
Thy love for me declare.
- 6 Here my poor heart can rest,
My GOD, it cleaves to Thee!
Thy will is love, Thine end is blessed,
All work for good to me.

James George Deck.
[1843].

- 1 MY GOD and FATHER! while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done!

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done !
- 3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done !
- 4 Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine ;
Thy will be done !
- 5 Let but my fainting heart be blessed
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest ;
Thy will be done !
- 6 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine ; and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done !

**Charlotte Elliott,
[1834].*

C.M.

288

- 1 O THOU, Whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe !
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 My spirit to Thy chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.
- 3 Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son ;
To say, though lying in the dust,
My FATHER'S will be done.
- 4 I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.
- 5 May none depart till I have gained
The blessing which it bears,
And learn, though late, I entertained
An angel unawares.

James Drummond Burns,
1823—1864.

289

C.M.

- 1 **W**HILE Thee I seek, almighty Power !
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thought would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 3 In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen Maria Williams,
1762—1827.

C.M.

290

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY FATHER of mankind!
In Thee my hopes remain,
And when the day of trouble comes
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 I know the Power in Whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My GOD ! who causedst me to hope
When life began to beat ;
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet :
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off when age
And evil days descend,
Thou wilt not leave me in despair
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore in life I'll trust in Thee,
In death I will adore,
And after death will sing Thy praise
When time shall be no more.

Michael Bruce,
1746—1767.

291

S.M.

- 1 COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands ;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 3 Put thou thy trust in GOD,
In duty's path go on,
Fix on His word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
- 4 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
GOD hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
GOD shall lift up thy head.
- 5 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 6 Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time, thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

*Rendered from the German of
Paul Gerhardt,
1606—1676.*

*by John Wesley,
[1739].*

8.4.

292

- 1 **L** EARNING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour! I am blessed;
I faint, but Thou dost condescend
To be my Rest.
- 2 Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith
To Thee the future I confide,
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 Leaning on Thee, in torturing pain
With patience Thou my soul dost fill ;
Thou whisperest, " What did I sustain ?"
Then am I still.
- 4 Leaning on Thee, why should I dread
The havoc that disease will make ?
Thou Who for me Thy blood hast shed
Wilt ne'er forsake.
- 5 Leaning on Thee, when worn and weak,
Too spent another voice to hear,
Thy gracious accents comfort speak,
" *Be of good cheer !*"
- 6 Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms ;
Calm I may stand on death's dark brink ;
Held in the everlasting arms
I shall not sink !

*Charlotte Elliott,
1789—1871.

293

8.7.7.

- 1 'TIS to us no cause of sorrow
That we cannot tell to day
What it is will come to-morrow,
'Tis enough that we can say—
He Whom we our FATHER call
Knows the future, knows it all.
- 2 Happy they who all committing
To their FATHER'S care and love,
Let Him choose what most is fitting;
And of all He does, approve ;
Ever free from anxious care,
Blessed in this His people are.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 3 Teach us, O our GOD and FATHER !
Teach us to obey Thee thus ;
Be Thy choice our portion, rather
Than what may seem good to us ;
'Tis not meet we should refuse
Aught that Thou, our GOD, shalt choose.
- 4 Future things with Thee are present ;
All to come Thine eye can see ;
Safe it is for us and pleasant
Future things to trust to Thee ;
Then Thy people happy are
When on Thee they cast their care !

Thomas Kelly,
1769—1855.

C.M.

294

- 1 FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on !
Until life's trial time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.
- 2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod,
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our FATHER and our GOD.
- 3 O if some darker lot be good,
LORD, teach us to endure
The sorrow pain and solitude
That make the spirit pure !
- 4 CHRIST by no flowery pathway came,
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will, and praise Thy name,
In hope and love and fear.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 5 And till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, now
Accept our feeble praise !

*William Josiah Irons,
1812—

295

7.6.

- 1 **M**Y song shall be of mercy :
To Thee, O LORD ! I sing,
Who all my life hast hid me
Beneath Thy sheltering wing ;
Who still, in love most patient,
This mortal journey through
Hast followed me with goodness,
And blessings ever new.
- 2 My song shall be of judgment :
All-wise and holy GOD !
Thou makest all Thy children
To pass beneath Thy rod ;
Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,
Yet, O ! my soul shall tell
That when Thy stroke is sorest
Thou doest all things well.
- 3 My song shall be of mercy :
Come, ye who love the LORD,
Who know that He is gracious,
Who trust His faithful word !
Tell out His works with gladness,
With me exalt His name,
Whose love endures for ever
To endless years the same.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 4 My song shall be of judgment :
Ye who His chastenings feel,
O faint not nor be weary,
He wounds that He may heal ;
Yea, bless the hand that smiteth,
And in your grief confess
That all His ways are wisdom,
And truth, and righteousness !

Henry Downton,
[1843].

C.M.

296

- 1 **M**Y GOD, my FATHER ! blissful name !
O may I call Thee mine ?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine ?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my FATHER'S eye ?
- 3 Whate'er Thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good and just and wise,
O bend my will to Thine !
- 4 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains
O give me strength to bear !
And let me know my FATHER reigns,
And trust His tender care.
- 5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak erring sight,
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 6 My GOD, my FATHER! be Thy name
My solace and my stay;
O wilt Thou seal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away!

Anne Steele,
1716—1778.

297

10.11.

- 1 **B**EGONE unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will
perform;
With CHRIST in the vessel I smile at the
storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my
Guide
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,
The word He hath spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite
through.
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their
LORD.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 5 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up that sinners might
live!
His way was much rougher and darker than
mine;
Did JESUS thus suffer, and shall I repine?
- 6 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present 'twill cease before
long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
song!

**John Newton,*
1725—1807.

L.M.

298

- 1 **M**Y GOD, in Whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace un-
known!
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The LORD will my desires perform;
He sends His angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 4 Be Thou exalted, O my GOD!
Above the heavens where angels dwell,
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

299

7.6.

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings,
It is the LORD Who rises
With healing in His wings;
When comforts are declining
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of GOD'S salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,
- 3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed,
And He Who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet GOD the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding
 I cannot but rejoice.

*William Cowper,
1731—1800.

7's.

300

- 1 **Q**UIET, LORD! my froward heart;
 Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weanèd child,
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide
 Let me as a child receive,
What to-morrow may betide
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
 'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone;
 Let me thus with Thee abide,
 As my FATHER, Guard, and Guide.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of GOD shall prove
All their FATHER'S boundless love!

**John Newton,*
1725—1807.

301

8.6.

- 1 **O** LORD! how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee,
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!
- 2 How far from this our daily life!
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms!
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine almighty arms!
- 3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
Even while we pray, upon our GOD,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the FATHER, Who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 4 We cannot trust Him as we should ;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away ;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
 Sufficient for the day.
- 5 LORD ! make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers ;
 Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a FATHER'S will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
 Even in affliction peace.

Joseph Anstice,
1808—1836.

C.M.

302

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

The Divine Life in Man :

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
GOD is His own interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

**William Cowper,
1731—1800.*

303

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD! my weak thought in vain would
 climb
 To search the starry vault profound ;
In vain would wing her flight sublime
 To find creation's utmost bound.
- 2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
 To search Thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels born of love
 Long ages ere the world began.
- 3 When my dim reason would demand
 Why that, or this, Thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand
 Whose secrets I must ask in vain.
- 4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
 And all is dark as night to me,
Here as on solid rock I rest,
 That so it seemeth good to Thee.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at Thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly trust Thy goodness still.

Ray Palmer,
[1858].

11's.

304

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
LORD,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath
said,
You who unto JESUS for refuge have fled?
- 2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be.
- 3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy GOD, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go
The rivers of grief shall not thee overflow;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 5 The soul that on JESUS hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes !
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

(?) *George Keith,*
[1787].

305

C.M.

- 1 LORD ! it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If death shall bruise this springing seed
Before it come to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root.
- 3 CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that unto GOD'S kingdom comes
Must enter by this Door.
- 4 Come LORD, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet
What will Thy glory be !
- 5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing JEHOVAH'S praise.

Submission and Trustfulness.

- 6 My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But it's enough that CHRIST knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

**Richard Baxter,*
1615—1691.

8.6.

306

- 1 FATHER! I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me.
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For Him on Whom I wait.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 There are briars besetting every path
That call for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

**Anna Letitia Waring,
[1850].*

307

10.11.

- 1 **A** FULNESS resides in JESUS our Head,
And ever abides to answer our need;
The FATHER'S good pleasure has laid up in
store
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants we need not to fear;
Our numerous complaints His mercy will
hear;
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies,
His power shall shield us when dangers
arise.
- 3 The fountain o'erflows our woes to redress,
Still more He bestows, and grace upon
grace;
His gifts in abundance we daily receive,
He hath a redundancy for all that believe.

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 4 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will JESUS bestow
As still shall support us, and silence our fear,
For nothing can hurt us while JESUS is near.
- 5 When troubles attend, or danger or strife,
His love will defend and guard us through life;
And when we are fainting, and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting His hand will supply.

John Faucett,
1739—1817.

7's.

308

- 1 JESUS, Lover of my soul!
Let me to Thy bosom fly
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide
Till the storm of life is passed,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!
- 3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
Lo! on Thee I cast my care!

The Divine Life in Man :

Thou, O CHRIST! art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity !

**Charles Wesley,*
1708—1788.

309

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is no sorrow, LORD ! too light
To claim Thy sympathy ;
There is no care however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee.
- 2 Thou Who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress,
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine ;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, LORD ! of Thine.

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crowdson,

1809—1863.

Altered by Benjamin Hall Kennedy,
[1863].

7's.

310

- 1 **W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear;
JESUS, born of woman, hear!
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
JESUS, born of woman, hear!
- 3 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
JESUS, born of woman, hear!
- 4 When the heart is sad within
With the sense of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear;
JESUS, born of woman, hear!
- 5 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
• JESUS, born of woman, hear!

Henry Hart Milman,

1791—1868.

The Divine Life in Man :

311

8.6.

- 1 **O** THOU, the contrite sinners' Friend,
Who loving, lovest them to the end !
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour ! plead for me.
- 3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour ! plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me !
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near
Darkened with anguish guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away ;
O say Thou pleadest for me !

Charlotte Elliott,
[1835].

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

C.M.

312

- 1 **O** THOU from Whom all goodness flows!
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear LORD, remember me!
- 2 When on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me!
- 3 When sore temptations crowd my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O give me strength, LORD! as my day;
For good remember me!
- 4 If worn with pain disease and grief
This feeble body be,
Grant patience rest and kind relief;
Hear and remember me!
- 5 When in the solemn hour of death
Earth's shadows fade and flee,
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "*Remember me!*"

Thomas Haweis,
1732—1820.

10's.

313

- 1 **S**HEW pity, LORD! for we are very frail,
We fade away, and heart and flesh
must fail;
We fade away like flowers in scorching sun;
We just begin, and then our work is done.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 Shew pity, LORD! our souls are sore distressed;
As troubled seas, our natures have no rest;
As troubled seas that dash upon the shore,
We throb and heave ever and evermore.
- 3 Shew pity, LORD! our grief is in our sin;
We would be cleansed, O make us pure within!
We would be cleansed, and none can cleanse but Thou;
The darkest stains Thou canst make white as snow.
- 4 Shew pity, LORD! inspire our souls with love,
That holy love which draws the soul above;
That holy love which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints, through all eternity.

David Thomas.
[1865].

314

7-5-

- 1 LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher infinite;
JESUS, hear and save!
- 2 Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
JESUS, hear and save!

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 3 Spoiler of death's ancient reign,
Risen to highest heaven again,
LORD of angels and of men;
JESUS, hear and save!
- 4 Who shalt yet return from high
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us! help us when we cry!
JESUS, hear and save!

*Bishop Reginald Heber,
1783—1826.*

7's.

315

- 1 SAVIOUR! when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
O! by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high
Hear our solemn litany!
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting Tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,

The Divine Life in Man :

By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
From Thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany !

- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany !

- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising GOD ;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended LORD !
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany !

**Sir Robert Grant,
1785—1838.*

316

C.M.

- 1 **H**EAL us, Emmanuel ! we are here
Waiting to feel Thy touch ;
Deep-wounded souls to Thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;
We faintly trust Thy word ;
But wilt Thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from Thee, LORD !

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
“*Lord I believe,*” with tears he cried,
“*O help my unbelief!*”
- 4 She too, who touched Thee in the press
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “*Daughter go in peace,*
“*Thy faith hath made thee whole!*”
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned Thy view;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch Thee if we may;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away!

**William Cowper,*
1731—1800.

L.M.

317

- 1 **L**ORD! let my heart still turn to Thee
In all my hours of waking thought,
Nor let me ever wish to be,
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.
- 2 In every hour of pain or woe,
When nought on earth my heart can cheer,
When sighs will burst, and tears will flow,
LORD, hush the sigh and dry the tear.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 In every dream of earthly bliss
Do Thou, my Saviour, present be ;
Nor let me think of happiness
On earth without the thought of Thee.
- 4 And when before the throne I kneel,
Hear from that throne of grace my prayer ;
And let each hope of heaven I feel
Burn with the thought to meet Thee there.
- 5 Thus teach me LORD, to look to Thee
In every hour of waking thought ;
Nor let me ever wish to be,
Or think, or feel, where Thou art not.

(?) *Lady Powerscourt*,
[1833].

318

7's.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! Who, exalted high
In Thy FATHER'S Majesty,
Yet vouchsafest Thyself to show
To Thy faithful flock below ;
Saviour ! though this earthly shroud
Now my mortal vision cloud,
Still Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me !
- 2 SON of GOD ! to Thee I cry :
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
By Thy griefs to us unknown,
By Thy spirit's parting groan ;
LORD, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me !

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 3 Prince of Life! to Thee I cry :
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Strong to conquer, strong to save,
By the thralls of death unchained,
By the prize of life regained ;
LORD, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me!
- 4 LORD of glory! GOD Most High!
Man exalted to the sky!
With Thy love my bosom fill ;
Prompt me to perform Thy will ;
So mayest Thou, my Saviour, come,
Make this froward heart Thy home ;
Then Thy presence I shall see
Manifest, my LORD, in me!

Bishop Richard Mant,
1776—1848.

S.M.

319

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelmed with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes ;
- 2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within Thy presence, LORD!
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name,
If endless life be their reward
I shall possess the same.

*Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.

320

C.M.

- 1 **W**E walk by faith and not by sight,
No gracious words we hear
From Him Who spoke as never man,
But we believe Him near.
- 2 We may not touch His hands and side,
Nor follow where He trod,
But in His promise we rejoice,
And cry, "*My Lord and God !*"
- 3 Help Thou, O LORD, our unbelief ;
And may our faith abound
To call on Thee when Thou art near,
And seek where Thou art found ;
- 4 That when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold Thee as Thou art,
With full and endless sight.

*Henry Alford,
1810—1871.

321

7-5-

- 1 **G**OD of pity ! God of grace !
When we humbly seek Thy face
Bend from heaven Thy dwelling-place ;
Hear, forgive, and save !

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 2 When we in Thy temple meet,
Lay our wants before Thy feet
Pleading at the mercy-seat;
Look from heaven and save!
- 3 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,
And we long to do Thy will,
Turning to Thy holy hill;
LORD, accept and save!
- 4 Should we wander from Thy fold,
And our love to Thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
LORD, forgive and save!
- 5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls Thy peace possess;
JESUS, hear and save!
- 6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to Thee
From our burden set us free;
Hear, forgive, and save!

Eliza Fanny Morris,
[1858].

L.M.

322

- 1 UPHOLD us, LORD! by Thy strong
hand,
Sustain us by Thy loving care,
That passing through a weary land
We may be safe and holy there.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 How blessèd they whom Thou dost bless !
How safe the heart when Thou dost keep !
How calm and pure its happiness,
Its faith and hope how firm and deep !
- 3 We need Thy SPIRIT every hour
That we our daily cross may bear,
Safe only through Thy mighty power,
And watching ever unto prayer.
- 4 For the LORD JESUS' sake uphold,
And cheer and gladden all the way,
Till to our weary feet unfold
The golden gates of heavenly day !

(*American*)
Altered by Robert Hall Baynes,
[1863].

323

8's.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden love of GOD, Whose
height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows !
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 3 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee,
Yet while I seek but find Thee not
No peace my wandering soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone
The LORD of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it hath found repose in Thee.
- 5 O Love! Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, FATHER!" cry.
- 6 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits Thy call,
Speak to my inmost soul and say,
"I am thy Love, thy GOD, thy All;"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

*Rendered from the German of
Gerhardt Tersteegen,
1697—1769,
by John Wesley,
[1739].*

The Divine Life in Man :

324

S.M.

1 JESUS, my Strength, my Hope!
On Thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hearest my prayer ;
Give me on Thee to wait
Till I can all things do,
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the Tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I rest upon Thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My succour and salvation, LORD !
Shall surely come from Thee ;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

325

L.M.

1 MY GOD! O let me call Thee mine,
Weak wandering sinner though I be ;
My trembling soul would fain be Thine,
My feeble faith still clings to Thee.

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 2 Not only for the past I grieve,
The future fills me with dismay;
Unless Thou hasten to relieve
Thy suppliant is a cast-away.
- 3 I cannot say my faith is strong,
I dare not hope my love is great;
But strength and love to Thee belong,
Leave not my spirit desolate!
- 4 I know I owe my all to Thee,
O take the heart I cannot give!
Do Thou my help, my Saviour, be,
And make me to Thy glory live!

Anna Steele,
1716—1778.

8's.

326

- 1 **A**S every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour! till my life shall end
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend!
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blessed
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise
O lead me onward to the skies!

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
JESUS! Thine heavenly radiance shed
To cheer and bless my dying bed,
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, Jun.,
1759—1829.

327

C.M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the LORD
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with CHRIST in GOD
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are you shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
JESUS, the Strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though unperceived by mortal sense
The spirit sees Him near;
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,
Then what have you to fear?
- 5 As surely as He overcame
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love His name
Shall triumph in Him too.

**John Newton,*
1725—1807.

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

S.M.

328

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Love divine
 Bid every string awake!
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
 Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our GOD,
 And rest upon His name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at His control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blessed is the man, O GOD!
 That stays himself on Thee;
Who wait for Thy salvation, LORD!
 Shall Thy salvation see.

**Augustus Montague Toplady.*
1740—1778.

The Divine Life in Man :

329

S.M.

- 1 **W** HERE is thy GOD, my soul?
 Is He within thy heart;
Or Ruler of a distant realm
 In which thou hast no part?
- 2 Where is thy GOD, my soul?
 Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
 His light in every one?
- 3 Where is thy GOD, my soul?
 Confined to Scripture's page;
Or doth His SPIRIT check and guide
 The spirit of each age?
- 4 O Ruler of the sky!
 Rule Thou within my heart;
O great Adorner of the world!
 Thy light of life impart.
- 5 Giver of holy words!
 Bestow Thy holy power;
And aid me, whether work or thought
 Engage the varying hour.
- 6 In Thee have I my help,
 As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
 And serve Thee when I'm glad.

**Thomas Toke Lynch,*
1818—1871.

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

S.M.

330

- 1 **O** EVERLASTING Light!
 Shine graciously within;
Brightest of all on earth that's bright,
 Come, shine away my sin!
- 2 O everlasting Truth!
 Truest of all that's true;
Sure Guide of erring age or youth,
 Lead me and teach me too!
- 3 O everlasting Strength!
 Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
 To joy, and light, and day!
- 4 O everlasting Love!
 Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down Thy fulness from above;
 Bid doubt and trouble cease!
- 5 O everlasting Rest!
 Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
 And every sorrow bear!
- 6 Thou art in heaven our all;
 Our all on earth art Thou;
Upon Thy glorious name we call,
 LORD JESUS, bless us now!

**Horatius Bonar,*
1808—

The Divine Life in Man :

331

10.4.10.

- 1 **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom
 Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on ;
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Should'st lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on ;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past
 years.
- 3 Solong Thy power hath blessed me sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile.

**John Henry Newman.*
1801—

332

C.M.

- 1 **O** NOT alone in saddest plight
 My LORD do I require ;
Not only in the thickest fight,
 And in the seven-fold fire !

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 2 Not only for some task sublime
Thy succour I implore;
Not only on some solemn time
Thy HOLY SPIRIT pour!
- 3 O ne'er can I my Helper spare;
I want Thee all the way;
I want my Saviour everywhere;
I want Thee every day.
- 4 LORD! for each daily task of mine
I want Thy quickening power,
I want Thy smile away to shine
The trouble of each hour.
- 5 I want each joy from Thee to spring,
Each joy for Thee more bright;
Each foot-step of Thine ordering,
All light seen in Thy light.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,*
1819—

6's.

333

- 1 UP to Thy throne, O LORD!
We would direct our cries;
Our trust is in Thy word,
Our hope is in the skies:
There's nought beneath the sun
On which our hearts can rest,
Worlds through their changes run
And leave our souls unblessed.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 We have no guide but Thee,
Our path is drear and dark ;
We plough life's stormy sea
In frail and treacherous bark ;
Starless the skies above,
Surging the main below ;
Without Thee, GOD of Love !
Our fate is death and woe.
- 3 To Thee, great GOD ! we look
For help in every hour ;
Direct us by Thy book,
And save us by Thy power ;
Save us from shame and wrong,
Inspire us with Thy love,
In virtue make us strong,
And fix our hearts above !

David Thomas,
[1865].

334

C.M.

- 1 **T**HINE influence, mighty GOD ! is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, on earth, through air and skies,
Thine energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, LORD ! we need
To form our hearts anew ;
O cleanse our souls from every sin,
And Thy salvation show !
- 3 **F**ATHER of light ! Thine aid impart
To guide our doubtful way !
The truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 4 Supported by Thy heavenly grace
We'll do and bear Thy will;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.
- 5 Cheered by Thy smiles we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death,
And with the hope of endless bliss
To Thee resign our breath.

John Needham,
[1768].

8.7.4.

335

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O Thou great JEHOVAH!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Guide me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death! and hell's Destruction!
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee!

Rendered from the Welsh of
William Williams,
1717—1791,
(?) *by W. Evans,*
[1774].

The Divine Life in Man:

336

C.M.

- 1 JESUS our LORD! Who tempted wast
In all points like as we,
And didst achieve in that dread fight
Undoubted victory;
- 2 Teach us, when angered at our lot
Our faithless souls repine,
Man liveth not by bread alone
But every word divine;
- 3 When we would rush on danger's point,
And dare the lifted sword,
Speak in our ears the warning voice
"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord;"
- 4 And when, deceived by pride or power,
Earth's idols we espouse,
Teach us that Thou art GOD alone,
And on us are Thy vows.
- 5 Thus shall we more than conquerors
With Thee pass through the strife;
And angels come and minister
Around the heirs of life.

**Henry Alford,
1810—1871.*

337

L.M.

- 1 TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou would'st My disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after Me.

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 2 Take up thy cross, nor let its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy courage up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;
Thy LORD for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross in His great strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And give thee victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Him,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles William Everest,
[1833].

P.M.

338

- 1 **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed ?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming
Be at rest !"
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide ?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 Is there crown of royal splendour
That His brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!”
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What my portion here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan passed!”
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me
Will He say me nay?
“Not though earth, and not though heaven
Pass away!”

*Rendered from the Greek of
Stephen the Sabaites,
725—794.
by John Mason Neale,
[1862].*

339

L.M.

- 1 **H**OW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above?
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road

Divine Sympathy and Succour.

- 3 'Twas thus He suffered though a SON,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all;
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.
- 4 LORD! should my path through suffering lie
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs remembering Thine.
- 5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:
- 6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And dear as earthly comforts be
Shall I not love Thee more than these?
- 7 Yes! I would count them all but loss
To gain the notice of Thine eye;
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

**Josiah Conder,
1789—1855.*

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls! away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake! and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty GOD
Who feeds the strength of every saint :
- 3 Thee, mighty GOD ! Whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee the over-flowing Spring
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall faint away, and drop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

341

L.M.

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy JESUS nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

Spiritual Conflict.

- 3 What though thine inward lusts rebel,
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

S.M.

342

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of CHRIST! arise,
 And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies
 Through His eternal SON.
- 2 Strong in the LORD of Hosts,
 And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
 Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
 With all His strength endued;
And take to arm you for the fight
 The panoply of GOD.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 Then having all things done,
And every conflict passed,
Accepted each through CHRIST alone,
You shall be crowned at last.

Charles Wesley.
1708—1788.

343

7's.

- 1 OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.
- 2 Let your drooping hearts be glad,
March in heavenly armour clad,
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.
- 3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength if great your need.
- 4 Onward then to glory move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

Henry Kirke White,
1785—1806,

Altered by Fanny Fuller Maitland,
[1827].

Spiritual Conflict.

7-4.

344

- 1 CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away,
Thou art in the midst of foes;
 " Watch and pray !"
- 2 Principalities and powers
 Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thine unguarded hours;
 " Watch and pray !"
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
 Wear it ever night and day,
Near thee lurks the evil One;
 " Watch and pray !"
- 4 'Twas by watching and by prayer
 Holy men of olden day
Won the palms and crowns they wear;
 " Watch and pray !"
- 5 Listen to thy sorrowing LORD,
 Him thou lovest to obey,
It is He Who speaks the word;
 " Watch and pray !"
- 6 Watch, as if on that alone
 Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
 " Watch and pray !"

Charlotte Elliott,
1789—1871.

- 1 **L**ORD! in this awful fight with sin
I would not just prevail,
Against each lust so strong within
I would not almost fail ;
Full, gladsome, glorious victory
Should crown the holy war ;
LORD! I would triumph well, would be
A more than conqueror.
- 2 From sorrow's stroke I would not rise
And mournfully pass on,
Not lone my heart, not sad mine eyes,
As though my GOD were gone ;
His pilgrim would be glad and strong
All through the vale of tears ;
Yes! set each sorrow to a song
Meet for glad angel-ears.
- 3 I would not just the world o'ercome,
Prevail, then weary lie,
Nor helplessly regain my home
Half slain by victory ;
I would o'ercome and still be strong,
Would still have strength to spare,
Yes, raise my shout Thy host among,
A more than conqueror!

The Mind that was in Christ Jesus.

C.M.

346

- 1 **W**E praise and bless Thee, gracious
LORD,
Our Saviour kind and true!
For all the old things passed away,
For all Thou hast made new.
- 2 New hopes, new purposes, desires,
And joys Thy grace hath given;
Old ties are broken from the earth,
New ones attach to heaven.
- 3 But yet how much must be destroyed,
How much renewed must be,
Ere we can fully stand complete
In likeness, LORD, to Thee!
- 4 Thou, only Thou, must carry on
The work Thou hast begun;
Of Thine own strength Thou must impart
In Thine own ways to run.
- 5 When the flesh sinks, then strengthen Thou
The spirit from above;
Make us to feel Thy service sweet,
And light Thy yoke of love.
- 6 So shall we faultless stand at last
Before Thy FATHER'S throne,
The blessedness for ever ours,
The glory all Thine own!

*Rendered from the German of
Charles John Philip Spitta,
1801—1859,*

*(?) by Mrs. Eric Findlater,
[1853].*

The Divine Life in Man :

347

L.M.

- 1 **O** FOR a humbler walk with GOD!
LORD, bend this stubborn heart of
mine;
Subdue each rising rebel thought,
And all my will conform to Thine.
- 2 O for a holier walk with GOD,
A heart from all pollution free!
Expel, O LORD! each sinful love,
And fill my soul with love to Thee.
- 3 O for a nearer walk with GOD!
LORD, turn my wandering heart to Thee;
Help me to live by faith in Him
Who lived and died and rose for me.
- 4 LORD, send Thy SPIRIT from above
With light and love and power divine;
And by His all-constraining grace
Make me, and keep me, ever Thine.

Edward Harland,
[1855].

348

S.M.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our GOD;
The secret of the LORD is theirs;
Their soul is CHRIST'S abode.
- 2 The LORD, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

The Mind that was in Christ Jesus.

- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 LORD, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.

John Keble,
1792—1866.

L.M.

349

- 1 TWO temples doth JEHOVAH prize,
Nor will from either e'er depart;
One is above the starry skies,
The other is the lowly heart.
- 2 In *that* He dwelleth as a Sun,
Radiant with majesty divine;
In *this* His beams are felt, but none
May tell how He is in the shrine.
- 3 Enough, if He in very deed
His presence there in grace accord;
Enough, the lowly heart can read
It is a temple of the LORD.
- 4 Such heart, O GOD, be ever mine!
Let lowliness so deep be there,
That hoping, trusting it is Thine,
Thy glory it may humbly bear.

**Thomas Davis,*
[1864].

The Divine Life in Man :

350

S.M.

- 1 **H**ELP me, my GOD! to speak
 True words to Thee each day,
True let my voice be when I praise,
 And trustful when I pray.
- 2 Thy words are true to me,
 Let mine to Thee be true;
The speech of my whole heart and soul,
 However low and few.
- 3 True words of grief for sin,
 Of longing to be free,
Of thirsting after righteousness,
 And likeness LORD! to Thee;
- 4 True words of faith and hope,
 Of godly joy and grief:
 "*Lord I believe,*" O hear my cry,
 "*Help Thou mine unbelief!*"

**Horatius Bonar,*
1808—

351

S.M.

- 1 **O** LORD! I look to Thee,
 To Thee lift up my heart;
In heaven I would Thy glory see,
 Now, therefore, grace impart!
- 2 Grace to prevent my sin,
 My passions to subdue,
My heart to change, my soul to win,
 My spirit to renew;

The Mind that was in Christ Jesus.

- 3 Grace to be kind to all,
All to forbear in love,
Gently to deal with those that fall
Like Him Who reigns above ;
- 4 Grace onward still to go,
Forward each day to press,
Till Thou the shining prize bestow,
CHRIST'S crown of righteousness.
- 5 LORD ! give me this rich grace !
O give Thyself to me,
That I may dwell before Thy face
And all Thy glory see !

Charles Tamburlane Astley,
1825—

8.6.

352

- 1 **T**HERE is a dwelling-place above ;
Thither, to meet the GOD of love
The poor in spirit go :
There is a Paradise of rest ;
For contrite hearts and souls distressed
Its streams of comfort flow.
- 2 There is a voice to mercy true ;
To them who mercy's path pursue
That voice shall bliss impart :
There is a sight from man concealed ;
That sight, the face of GOD revealed,
Shall bless the pure in heart.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 There is a name in heaven bestowed ;
That name, which hails them sons of GOD,
The friends of peace shall know :
There is a kingdom in the sky,
Where they shall reign with GOD on high
Who serve Him here below.
- 4 LORD ! be it mine like them to choose
The better part, like them to use
The means Thy love hath given ;
Be holiness my aim on earth,
That death be welcomed as a birth
To life and bliss in heaven !

Bishop Richard Mant,
1776—1848.

353

C.M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my GOD,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
Where JESUS reigns alone ;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within ;

The Mind that was in Christ Jesus.

- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, LORD, of Thine!
- 5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe;
JESUS! for Thee distressed I am,
I want Thy love to know:
- 6 Thy nature, gracious LORD! impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

L.M.

354

- 1 COME, dearest LORD! descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length,
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the GOD whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church through CHRIST His SON.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

The Divine Life in Man :

355

S.M.

- 1 **S** TILL with Thee, O my GOD!
 I would desire to be ;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 I would be still with Thee.
- 2 With Thee, when dawn comes in
 And calls me back to care ;
Each day returning to begin
 With Thee, my GOD, in prayer.
- 3 With Thee, amid the crowd
 That throngs the busy mart,
To hear Thy voice 'mid clamour loud
 Speak softly to my heart.
- 4 With Thee, when day is done,
 And evening calms the mind ;
The setting as the rising sun
 With Thee my heart would find.
- 5 With Thee, when darkness brings
 The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings
 Mine eyelids I would close.
- 6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
 Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
 I would be still with Thee.

James Drummond Burns.
1823—1864.

The Longing of the Soul for God.

L.M.

356

- 1 MY GOD! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my soul be chained to earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my GOD, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone!
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my GOD, I find.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

P.M.

357

- 1 NEARER my GOD to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my GOD to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer my GOD to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer my GOD to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer my GOD to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
- 5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer my GOD to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

**Sarah Flower Adams.*
1805—1849.

The Longing of the Soul for God.

L.M.

358

- 1 **L**ET me be with Thee, where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest!
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blessed.
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.
- 3 Let me be with Thee, where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

**Charlotte Elliott,
1789—1871.*

S.M.

359

- 1 **N**OT yet I love my GOD
With undivided heart;
Not yet I tread the heavenly road
With feet that ne'er depart.
- 2 Not yet, my gracious LORD,
Each care on Thee I cast,
Nor live on Thy life-giving word
Nor hold each promise fast.

The Divine Life in Man :

- 3 Not yet is all Thy will
Sweet to this heart of mine ;
Not yet I hasten to fulfil
Each dear command of Thine.
- 4 Not yet Thy wondrous ways
I know as I desire,
Nor yet upon those glories gaze
To which mine eyes aspire.
- 5 Not yet I yearn for Thee
As Thou for me dost yearn,
Nor yet Thy wondrous love of me,
Even as I might, return.
- 6 But shall I not one day,
My GOD, be all Thine own,
Rejoicing, all Thy will obey,
And do Thy works alone ?
- 7 Will not my joy and love
Be endless and complete,
And all my blessedness above
Flow from Thy presence sweet ?

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,*
1819—

- 1 **W**HEN shall I, LORD ! a journey take
Through my departed years,
And not a mournful visit make,
And not return in tears ?

The Longing of the Soul for God.

- 2 Hath not Thy mercy made me whole?
Hath not Thy grace forgiven?
Yet still the grief regains my soul,
Yet still my heart is riven.
- 3 Those buried sins of mine arise,
Again my hearts runs o'er,
Once more those deep, repentant sighs,
Those bitter tears once more!
- 4 O! shall these drops of sadness make
The light celestial dim,
And memory's mournful music break
On heaven's eternal hymn?
- 5 My Saviour's powerful blood I know ;
My pardoning GOD I bless ;
But send Thy SPIRIT down! bestow
Of Thine own holiness!
- 6 Those sins so bitter to my soul,
LORD, let me not repeat ;
So make my past less sorrowful,
So make my heaven more sweet!
- 7 Shall not this holier soul of mine
Enjoy Thy presence bright,
And memory's happy strains divine
Angelic ears delight?

The Divine Life in Man :

361

11.10.

- 1 **H**OW long, O LORD! in weariness and
sorrow
Must Thy disciples tread the pilgrim road,
Mourning to-day, and fearing for to-morrow,
Finding no place of rest, no sure abode ;
Sighing o'er faded flowers and cisterns
broken,
Gazing on setting suns that rise no more,
Listening to sad farewells, and last words
spoken
By loved ones leaving us on death's dim
shore?
- 2 How long through snares of error and
temptation
Shall noblest spirits stumble on their way?
How long through darkening storms of
tribulation
Must we press forward to eternal day?
How long shall passing faults and trifles
sever
Hearts that have known affection's holy tie?
When shall the stir of strife be stilled for
ever,
And brethren see in all things eye to eye?
- 3 How long, O LORD? our hearts are sad and
weary,
Our voices join the whole creation's groan ;
With eager gaze we watch for Thine
appearing,

The Longing of the Soul for God.

When wilt Thou come again and claim
Thine own?
Return, return; come in Thy power and
glory,
With all Thy risen saints and angel-throng;
Bring to a close time's strange, mysterious
story;
How long dost Thou delay? O LORD, how
long?

Jane Borthwick,
[1859].

C.M.

362

- 1 I WOULD commune with Thee, my GOD,
E'en to Thy seat I come;
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.
- 2 I stand upon the mount of GOD
With sunlight in my soul,
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll.
- 3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.
- 4 O this is life, O this is joy,
My GOD to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know!

George Burden Bubier,
1823—

The Divine Life in Man :

363

C.M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis GOD's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blessed Saviour ! introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun ;
And crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

**Philip Doddridge,*
1702—1751.

364

8's.

- 1 **L**EADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky !
Come and with us, even us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely ;
On Thee alone our spirits stay
While held in life's uneven way.

Progress and Aspiration.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
We hasten through its empty show,
And restless to behold Thy face
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem the saints' abode
Whose Founder is the living GOD.
- 4 Raised by the breath of Love divine,
We tread the way the saints have trod;
The church of the first-born to join
We travel to the mount of GOD;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

11's.

365

- 1 **F**ORWARD! be our watchword, steps
and voices joined;
Seek the things before us, not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head,
Who shall dream of shrinking by our Captain
led?
Forward through the desert, through the
toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us, Sion beams with
light!

The Divine Life in Man :

- 2 Forward! when in childhood buds the
 infant mind;
 All through youth and manhood, not a
 thought behind;
 Speed through realms of nature, climb the
 steps of grace,
 Faint not till in glory gleams our FATHER'S
 face:
 Forward! all the life-time climb from height
 to height,
 Till the head be hoary, till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of JESUS, salt of all the earth!
 Till each yearning purpose spring to
 glorious birth;
 Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they grope
 for day;
 Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray:
 Forward! out of error, leave behind the
 night,
 Forward through the darkness, forward into
 light!
- 4 Glories upon glories hath our GOD prepared,
 By the souls that love Him one day to be
 shared;
 Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never
 heard,
 Nor of these hath uttered thought or speech
 a word:
 Thither, onward thither, in the SPIRIT'S
 might!
 Pilgrims to your country, forward into light!

Progress and Aspiration.

- 5 Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers
Where our GOD abideth, that fair home is
ours;
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the gates
with gold,
Flows the gladdening river shedding joys
untold:
Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of
night;
Forward into triumph! forward into light!

*Henry Alford,
1810—1871.

6.4.

366

- 1 **A** CROWN of glory bright
By faith I see,
In yonder realms of light
Prepared for me;
O may I faithful prove,
And keep it in my view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue!
- 2 JESUS! be Thou my Guide,
My steps attend,
O keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my Friend;
Be Thou my Shield, and Sun,
My Saviour, and my Guard;
And, when my work is done,
My great Reward!

(*American*)
[1860].

The Divine Life in Man :

367

6's.

1 **G**O up, go up, my heart !
Dwell with thy GOD above ;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

2 Go up, go up, my heart !
Be not a trifler here ;
Ascend above these clouds,
Dwell in a higher sphere.

3 Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim ;
Go up to heaven and GOD,
Take up thy love to Him.

4 Waste not thy precious stores
On creature-love below ;
To GOD that wealth belongs,
On Him that wealth bestow.

5 Go up, reluctant heart !
Take up thy rest above ;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts !
Ascend, my lingering love !

**Horatius Bonar,*
1808—

6 *Up, heart and soul and mind,
Up to the heavenly height !
There with thy God abide,
There in thy God delight !*

*This verse is added for use when
the tune requires eight lines.*

- 1 **T**O GOD the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring!
- 2 'Tis His almighty love,
 His counsel and His care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
 Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,
 And make His wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, GOD,
 Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs!

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

369

8.7.4.

- 1 **O** HOW blessed the congregation
Who the gospel know and prize—
Joyful tidings of salvation
Brought by JESUS from the skies!
He is near them,
Knows their wants, and hears their cries.
- 2 In His name rejoicing ever,
Walking in His light and love,
And foretasting in His favour
Something here of bliss above,
Happy people!
Who shall harm them? what shall move?
- 3 In His righteousness exalted
On from strength to strength they go;
By ten thousand ills assaulted
Yet preserved from every foe,
On to glory
Safe they speed through all below.
- 4 GOD will keep His own anointed,
Nought shall harm them, none condemn;
All their trials are appointed,
All must work for good to them;
All shall help them
To their heavenly diadem.

**Henry Francis Lyte.*
1793—1847.

God, her Glory and Defence.

8.7.

370

- 1 **Z**ION, of the LORD belovèd,
What a happy lot is thine!
On the Rock of ages founded,
Kept by love and power divine,
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou shalt never know decline.
- 2 Every human tie may perish—
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes thee shall sever
From thy LORD'S undying love.
- 3 Should He seem to show displeasure,
'Tis to save and not destroy;
If He punish, 'tis in measure,
'Tis to rid thee of alloy;
Trust in Him Who lives to bless thee;
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.
- 4 In the furnace He will prove thee
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight;
He, thy Life, is ever with thee,
He, thy everlasting Light!

Thomas Kelly,
1769—1855.

The Church of God :

371

S.M.

- 1 THE church of GOD below
Is like His church above,
Safe shielded from her every foe
By heavenly power and love.
- 2 On high and holy ground
Her deep foundations rest,
And GOD within her courts is found
An omnipresent guest.
- 3 God loves her sacred gates,
Her solemn praise and prayer ;
And none that humbly on Him waits,
Shall fail to find Him there.
- 4 The church of GOD below
Shall yet more honoured be ;
The nations to her side shall flow,
The world her glories see.
- 5 O blessed and favoured men
That in her courts are born !
Their life but sets to rise again
In heaven's eternal morn.

**Henry Francis Lyt.*
1793—1847.

372

L.M.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress invade,
Ere we can offer our complaints
Behold Him present with His aid !

God, her Glory and Defence.

- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our GOD;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, Thy holy word
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against the threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

C.M.

373

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the LORD,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which GOD on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our GOD,
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.

The Church of God :

- 3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight !
- 4 Behold the blessed assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven !
And GOD, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make ;
All join in CHRIST their living Head,
And of His grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where JESUS is
Must be for ever blessed.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

374

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD JESUS ! are we one with Thee ?
O height, O depth, of love !
With Thee we died upon the tree,
In Thee we live above.
- 2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Thou didst of flesh and blood partake,
In all our sorrows one.

The Communion of Saints.

- 3 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us Thou art ;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 4 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When seated on Thy throne
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That Thou with us art one !
- 5 O teach us, LORD, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That Thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with Thee !

James George Deck.
[1837].

C.M.

375

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise ;
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death :
One army of the living GOD,
To His command we bow ;
Part of His host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

The Church of God :

- 3 His militant embodied host
 With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach that heavenly land ;
Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
 And full felicity :
- 4 Our spirits soon their ranks shall join,
 Like them with glory crowned ;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear His trumpet sound ;
LORD JESUS, be our constant Guide !
 Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's dark flood its waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven !

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

376

C.M.

- 1 **H**APPY the souls to JESUS joined,
 And saved by grace alone ;
Walking in all His ways they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in Thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before Thy throne ;
We, in the kingdom of Thy grace—
 The kingdoms are but one.

The Communion of Saints.

- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in Thy statutes treads
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

S.M.

377

- 1 **F**OR all Thy saints, O LORD,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful praise receive.
- 2 For all Thy saints, O LORD,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in Thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.
- 3 They all, in life and death,
With Thee their LORD in view,
Learned from Thy HOLY SPIRIT'S breath
To suffer and to do.
- 4 For this Thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.
- 5 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.

Bishop Richard Mant,
1776—1848.

The Church of God :

378

10's.

- 1 **F**OR all the saints who from their labours
rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O JESUS! be for ever blessed :

Hallelujah !

- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and
their Might ;
Thou, LORD! their Captain in the well-fought
fight ;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true
Light :

Hallelujah !

- 3 For the apostles' glorious company,
Who bearing forth the cross o'er land and
sea
Shook all the mighty world, we sing to Thee,

Hallelujah !

- 4 For the evangelists, by whose pure word,
Like four-fold stream, the garden of the
LORD
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy name adored :

Hallelujah !

- 5 For martyrs, who with rapture kindled eye
Saw the bright crown descending from the
sky,
And dying grasped it, Thee we glorify :

Hallelujah !

The Communion of Saints.

- 6 O may Thy soldiers, faithful true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of
gold!

Hallelujah!

- 7 O blessed communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,
Yet all are one in Thee for all are Thine:

Hallelujah!

- 8 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong:

Hallelujah!

- 9 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blessed:

Hallelujah!

- 10 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way:

Hallelujah!

- 11 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's
farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the
countless host,
Singing to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,

Hallelujah!

*William Walsham How,
1823—

- 1 **L**ORD! in Thy kingdom there should be
No aliens from each other,
But even as he loves himself
Each one should love his brother ;
One baptism and one faith have we,
One SPIRIT sent to win us,
One LORD, one FATHER, and one GOD,
Above and with and in us.

- 2 When in Thy courts we meet below
To mourn our sinful living,
And with one mingled voice repeat
Confession, creed, thanksgiving ;
Make us to hear in each sweet word
Thy HOLY SPIRIT calling
To union with Thy church and Thee,
The heavenly bond forestalling.

- 3 Never, by schism or by sin,
May we this union sever,
Till, all to perfect stature grown,
Are one with Thee for ever!
O GOD, the ever-blessèd One,
The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
May all our souls to Thee be won,
And all Thy joy inherit!

The Communion of Saints.

7's.

380

- 1 **J**ESUS, LORD, we look to Thee,
Let us in Thy name agree;
Thou Who art the Prince of peace,
Bid all strife for ever cease!
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Loving, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our LORD.
- 3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To Thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in Thee abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness:
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To Thy family above,
And with faith and comfort high
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

8.7.

381

- 1 **B**RIGHT Thy presence when it breaketh
LORD, on some rapt soul apart;
Sweet Thy SPIRIT when it speaketh
Peace unto some lonely heart:

Y

The Church of God :

- 2 But more bright Thy presence dwelleth
In a waiting, burning throng;
Yet more sweet the rapture swelleth
Of a many voicèd song :
- 3 What a mighty prayer love bringeth
When true hearts together yearn!
What a fragrant fire upspringeth
When glad lips together burn!
- 4 Not alone each angel waiteth;
Not apart each seraph sings;
Lo! the heavenly host dilateth,
Circling bright the King of kings :
- 5 With that radiant throng supernal
Grant me, LORD, to shine for Thee;
With that harmony eternal
Blend my song eternally!

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,*
1819—

382

7's.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet,
G Christian fellowship how sweet!
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt JEHOVAH'S name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the FATHER move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world and gave His SON.

The Communion of Saints.

- 3 Sing the SON's unbounded love ;
How He left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the SPIRIT's love ;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.
- 5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet ;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise JEHOVAH'S name.

George Burder,
1752—1832.

7's.

383

- 1 CHRIST from Whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below !
Hear us, who Thy nature share,
Who Thy mystic body are !
- 2 Join us, in one spirit join,
Each to each, and all to Thine ;
One the FATHER is with Thee,
Knit us in like unity.
- 3 JESUS ! we Thy members are ;
Nourish us with kindest care :
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in JESUS live.

The Church of God :

- 4 Move, and actuate, and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide ;
Placed according to Thy will
Let us all our work fulfil ;
- 5 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy ;
There is neither bond nor free,
Wise nor simple, LORD, in Thee ;
- 6 Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void ;
Names, and sects, and parties fall,
Thou, O CHRIST, art All in all !

Charles Wesley.
1708—1788.

384

7's.

- 1 LORD ! there is a throne of grace,
There we now would seek Thy face ;
Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
Of the soul that seeks Thee there.
- 2 Though our language simple be
Words are nothing, LORD ! with Thee ;
To the broken contrite heart
Thou wilt joy and peace impart.
- 3 Saviour ! for us intercede
While the promises we plead ;
And while we the blessing gain
Thine the glory shall remain !

Ingram Cobbin.
1777—1851.

Assembled for Prayer.

8.7.

385

- 1 **H**OLY Saviour! Thou hast told us,
When we meet to hear of Thee
In Thy love Thou wilt behold us,
And amongst us Thou wilt be.
- 2 **L**ORD of Hosts! to seek Thy blessing
We are gathered here to-day;
Help us, all our sins confessing,
Saviour! teach us how to pray.
- 3 May the words we hear direct us
How to learn and do Thy will,
May Thy SPIRIT'S aid protect us,
And with faith our bosoms fill.

S.M.

386

- 1 **J**ESUS, we look to Thee,
Thy promised presence claim!
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in Thy name;
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
- 3 We meet, the grace to take
Which Thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

The Church of God :

- 4 Present we know Thou art ;
But, O, Thyself reveal !
Now, LORD, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel !
- 5 O may Thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove ;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love !

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

387

L.M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Assembled for Prayer.

- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
“Hear what the LORD has done for me.”

**William Cowper,
1731—1800.*

C.M.

388

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but GOD is near.
- 2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, “*Behold he prays!*”
In prayer the saints on earth are one
In word and deed and mind,
When with the FATHER and the SON
Sweet fellowship they find.

The Church of God :

- 4 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The HOLY SPIRIT pleads,
And JESUS on the eternal throne
For sinners intercedes.
O Thou by Whom we come to GOD,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod
LORD, teach us how to pray!

**James Montgomery*
1771—1854.

389

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel-songs;
That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain:

Assembled for Prayer.

- 5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through JESUS, to the throne,
And moves the Hand which moves the world
To send salvation down!

John Aikman Wallace,
[1839].

L.M.

390

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! bow Thine ear
Attentive to our earnest prayer,
We plead for them who plead for Thee—
Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear; inflame their zeal;
- 3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain;
Nor let them labour, LORD! in vain.
- 4 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains Thy grace adore;
And feel Thy new-creating power.

Benjamin Beddome,
1717—1795.

C.M.

391

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of GOD
Their solemn charge receive.

The Church of God :

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the LORD
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls which after death must live
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste
The account to render there ;
And shouldst Thou strictly mark our faults,
LORD, how should we appear ?
- 5 May they that JESUS Whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see ;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751.

392

S.M.

- 1 LORD of the harvest ! hear
Thy needy servants cry ;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On Thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in Thy view ;
The harvest, truly, LORD ! is great,
The labourers are few.

Assembled for Prayer.

- 3 Convert, and send forth more
Into Thy church abroad ;
And let them speak Thy word of power,
As workers with their GOD.
- 4 Give the pure gospel-word,
The word of general grace ;
Thee let them preach, the common LORD,
The Saviour of our race.
- 5 O let them spread Thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love !
- 6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call ;
And tell each creature under heaven
That Thou hast died for all.

**Charles Wesley.*
1708—1788.

C.M.

393

- 1 **S**PIRIT of holiness ! descend,
Thy people wait for Thee ;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend,
Let us Thy mercy see.
- 2 Behold, Thy weary churches wait
With wistful longing eyes ;
Let us no more be desolate,
O bid Thy light arise !

The Church of God :

- 3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone
Leads us in hope to Thee ;
Let us not feel its rays alone ;
Alone, Thy people be !
- 4 O bring our dearest friends to GOD !
Remember those we love ;
Fit them on earth for Thine abode ;
Fit them for joys above.
- 5 SPIRIT of holiness ! 'tis Thine
To hear our feeble prayer ;
Come, for we wait Thy power divine,
Let us Thy mercy share.

Samuel F——. Smith,
[1843].

394

L.M.

- 1 **K**INDRED in CHRIST, for His dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May He, by Whose kind care we meet
Send His good SPIRIT from above ;
Make our communication sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

At a Baptismal Service.

- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme ;
 When Christians meet together thus
 We only wish to speak of Him
 Who lived and died and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all He did and said
 And suffered for us here below ;
 The path He marked for us to tread,
 And what He's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love and wonder and adore ;
 And hasten on the glorious day
 When we shall meet to part no more.

**John Newton,*
1725—1807.

7's.

395

PART in peace—CHRIST'S life was peace ;
 Let us live our life in Him :
Part in peace—CHRIST'S death was peace ;
 Let us die our death in Him.
Part in peace—CHRIST promise gave
Of a life beyond the grave ;
 Where all mortal partings cease ;
 Holy brethren, part in peace !

Sarah Flower Adams,
1805—1849.

S.M.

396

1 D DEVOTED unto Thee
 By the baptismal sign
We own that from the curse set free
 We are for ever Thine.

The Church of God :

- 2 Come in Thy might and love,
Break all resistance down,
All sloth and unbelief remove,
And make our hearts Thy throne.
- 3 Our whole salvation Thou,
Make us Thine own abode!
Baptize us with Thy SPIRIT now,
Our FATHER and our GOD!
- 4 This day, O LORD, this hour,
Fill us with love divine;
Put forth Thy sanctifying power,
And make us wholly Thine.

Baptist Wriothesley Noel,
1799—1873.

397

C.M.

- 1 BAPTIZED into our Saviour's death
Our souls to sin must die;
With CHRIST our LORD we live anew,
With CHRIST ascend on high.
- 2 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above our choicest treasure lies,
LORD, lift our hearts above!

Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751.

At a Baptismal Service.

C.M.

398

- 1 **M**AKE these henceforth Thy care, O
LORD!
Who would Thy servants be;
And teach them how in days of strife
To rest secure in Thee.
- 2 Through suffering Thou wast perfected;
And they must follow Thee
Through paths of darkness and of toil,
If they would crownèd be.
- 3 In darkness be their guiding Light,
In toil their Stay and Strength;
And let them not the warfare fear,
Its soreness or its length.
- 4 For conflicts here, in heaven are crowns;
Sweet rest, for toil and strife;
For pain and grief is rapture high;
For death, abundant life!

Robert Aitken Bertram,
[1864].

L.M.

399

- 1 **T**O me to live let it be CHRIST,
To me to die will then be gain,
If here into His death baptized,
His resurrection I attain.
- 2 As He was in the world, let me
Born from above my course fulfil;
My meat, my drink, my business be
To do my heavenly FATHER'S will.

The Church of God :

- 3 And when He comes with glory crowned
To claim His own and call them His,
I in His likeness shall be found
For I shall see Him as He is.

James Montgomery
1771—1854.

400

C.M.

- 1 **M**Y GOD! accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

- 2 Before the cross of Him who died
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And CHRIST be All in all.

- 3 On me outpour Thy heavenly grace,
And keep me for Thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And dwell before Thy throne.

- 4 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, LORD!
And death, the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges.
[1848].

At the Table of the Lord.

C.M.

401

- 1 **L**ET plenteous grace descend on those
Who, hoping in Thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That JESUS is their LORD.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And for the troubles of the way
Find all-sufficient grace.

James Newton,
1733—1790.

C.M.

402

- 1 “**T**HIS is My body, take, and eat;”
So spake the SON of GOD:
He blessed the sacred cup, and said,
Drink ye of this My blood;
And oft as of this cup ye drink,
And break the hallowed bread,
Remember Me, My body rent,
My blood for sinners shed.
- 2 We meet, fulfilling Thy command,
O Thou that once wast slain!
Meet to record Thy dying love,
Thou that art risen again!
O melt our hearts to thankfulness,
And raise them unto Thee,
That when Thou shalt in glory come
We may be found in Thee!

**Henry Downton,*
[1843].

The Church of God :

403

8.7.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross we spend,
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend ;
Here we rest, in wonder viewing
All our sins on JESUS laid,
Here we see redemption flowing
From the sacrifice He made.
- 2 Here we find the dawn of heaven
While upon the cross we gaze,
See our trespasses forgiven,
And our songs of triumph raise ;
O, that near the cross abiding
We may to the Saviour cleave,
Nought with Him our hearts dividing,
All His own the life we live !

*James Allen,
1734—1804.
Altered by Walter Shirley,
[1774].*

404

C.M.

- 1 **A**CCORDING to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying LORD !
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

At the Table of the Lord.

- 3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O LAMB of GOD, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:
- 4 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me!
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.
- 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, LORD, remember me!

**James Montgomery,*
1771—1854.

7's.

405

- 1 JESUS, to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed
With the true and living Bread!
- 2 While upon Thy cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise!
- 3 From the bonds of sin release,
Weak and wavering faith increase,
Grant us, LAMB of GOD, Thy peace!
- 4 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand
In the bright and better land!

**Robert Hall Baynes,*
1831—

The Church of God :

406

C.M.

- 1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died !
- 2 My dying Saviour and my GOD,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart !
- 4 The atonement of Thy blood apply
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

**Charles Wesley,*
1708—1788.

407

9.8.

- 1 **B**READ of the world, in mercy broken !
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead !
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

**Bishop Reginald Heber,*
1783—1826.

At the Table of the Lord.

8.6.

408

- 1 **O** THOU Who didst this rite reveal
Of faith in Thee the sign and seal,
To Thee, in spirit, LORD! we kneel,
Met to remember Thee.
- 2 Thou, faintly loved and feebly sought,
Too oft forsaken and forgot!
With contrite shame, with sorrowing thought,
LORD, we remember Thee!
- 3 Thou in our suffering flesh hast dwelt;
Guiltless, our load of guilt hast felt;
Shall not our hearts within us melt,
Saviour, remembering Thee!
- 4 'Twas love, untold unfathomed love,
Which brought Thee from Thy throne above;
And shall not love our bosoms move
While we remember Thee!
- 5 Thy dying words, O LORD! we hail;
Though heart and flesh must faint and fail,
Through Thee the feeblest shall prevail
Who live by faith in Thee.

Julia Anne Elliott.
[1835].

L.M.

409

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

The Church of God :

- 2 Forbid it, LORD ! that I should boast
Save in the death of CHRIST, my GOD ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown !
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all !

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

410

7.6.

- 1 **D**EAR LORD ! Thou art not sorry
That Thou didst bear our load ;
The shame hath brought Thee glory,
The woe hath joy bestowed :
From every tongue and nation
Thou countest up Thy gain,
Rich fruit of Thine oblation,
Dear purchase of Thy pain.
- 2 Thy people who can reckon ?
Thy glory who can tell ?
For each Thou sore wast stricken,
Thy triumph each doth swell ;

At the Table of the Lord.

As each more holy groweth
Thou of Thy pain dost see,
In each Thy sorrow showeth
More sweet eternally.

- 3 LORD! let my new creation
Thy bitter pains requite;
LORD! let my full salvation
Thy yearning love delight:
Amidst the throng supernal,
Redeemer, smile on me,
And in my bliss eternal
Of Thy sore travail see!

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

8.7.7.

411

- 1 TELL of your Redeemer's passion,
Ye who feel His banquet sweet;
Triumph in His one oblation,
In His sacrifice complete!
Of your Saviour mindful be;
Keep the feast of memory!
- 2 At the banquet He provideth
To the eternal Priest draw near;
Tell how sweetly He abideth
In the souls He held so dear;
With your living LORD be one,
Keep the feast of union!

The Church of God :

- 3 Keep the feast with gladsome yearning
For your King to come again ;
Tell the world He is returning !
Tell how glorious He will reign !
Lift each eye and lift each voice,
At the feast of hope rejoice !

**Thomas Hornblower Gill.*
1819—

412

S.M.

- 1 SWEET feast of love divine !
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon this bread and wine,
In memory, LORD, of Thee.
- 2 Here every welcome guest
Waits, LORD, from Thee to learn
The secrets of Thy FATHER'S breast,
And all Thy grace discern.
- 3 Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of Thy love.
- 4 That blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessed pledge within
That we are loved of Thee.
- 5 O, if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O LORD, above
Thy gladdening smile to meet !

The Ministry of Reconciliation.

- 6 To see Thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all Thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare!

**Sir Edward Denny.*
1796—

7-5.

413

- 1 **L**ET Thy wondrous way be known,
And let every nation own
Thou art GOD, and Thou alone;
FATHER, hear our prayer!
- 2 Let each one Thy glorious name
Magnify, and spread Thy fame,
And Thy love let all proclaim;
FATHER, hear our prayer!
- 3 Let the nations join to sing,
And let hallelujahs ring
To the righteous Judge and King;
FATHER, hear our prayer!
- 4 Then shall blessings from Thy hand
Fall in showers on every land,
And the world adoring stand;
FATHER, hear our prayer!
- 5 Shine upon us, GOD of grace!
From Thy holy dwelling-place
Deign to bless our fallen race;
FATHER, hear our prayer!

Abraham Jackson.
[1865].

The Church of God :

414

S.M.

- 1 O LORD our GOD, arise !
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend Thy blessèd reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise !
Nor let Thy glory cease !
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace,
- 3 Thou HOLY GHOST, arise !
Move upon quickening wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth, arise !
To GOD the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

**Ralph Wardlaw,*
1779—1853.

415

L.M.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! Whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy SON,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes His hands,
All heaven submits to His commands ;
His worship and His fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

The Ministry of Reconciliation.

- 3 As rain on meadows newly mown
So shall He send His influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 5 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

6.4.

416

- 1 THOU, Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight !
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
“ *Let there be light !* ”
- 2 Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight ;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
“ *Let there be light !* ”

The Church of God :

419

7.6.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll ;
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole ;

The Ministry of Reconciliation.

Till o'er our ransomed nature
The LAMB for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !

**Bishop Reginald Heber,
1783—1826.*

8.7.

420

- 1 SAVIOUR ! sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be,
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the nations unto Thee.
Of Thy cross, the wondrous story
Be it to the nations told ;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.
- 2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as GOD of heaven,
Thee, as Man for sinners slain.
- 3 Saviour, lo ! the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy SPIRIT new-creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
Give the word ! and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the LAMB be sung !

*Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe,
1818—*

The Church of God :

421

10's.

- 1 **F**LOW, blessèd gospel, glorious news for
man!
Thy stream of life through thirsty deserts
roll;
The mighty round of earth, like ocean,
span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to
pole.
- 2 On, searching gospel, on! of every heart
In every latitude thou own'st the key;
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall
start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by
Thee!
- 3 Tread, kingly gospel, through the nations
tread!
With peace, and truth, and freedom in thy
train;
Be all to thy dominion subjected
And CHRIST, the true Emancipator, reign!
- 4 Spread, gracious gospel, spread thy fostering
wings!
Gather thy scattered ones from every land,
Call home the wanderers to the King of
kings,
Proclaim them all thine own, 'tis CHRIST's
command!

Thomas Alfred Ashworth,
1831—

The Ministry of Reconciliation.

C.M.

422

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the mountain of the LORD
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
Up to the hill of GOD, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years ; ~~the~~
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 6 Come, then ! O come from every land
To worship at His shrine ;
And walking in the light of GOD,
With holy beauty shine.

**Michael Bruce,*
1746—1767.

The Church of God :

423

L.M.

- 1 UPLIFT the banner! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and
wide;
To every wind shake out its folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.
- 2 Uplift the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations gathering at the call
Their spirits kindle in its light.
- 3 Uplift the banner! till the world
With rapture bend before the sign,
And wondering seek to comprehend
The fulness of the love divine.
- 4 Uplift the banner! let it float
Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide!
Our glory only in the cross!
Our only hope the Crucified!
- 5 Uplift the banner! wide and high,
Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

*Bishop George Washington Doane,
1799—1859.*

424

7's.

- 1 SPREAD, O spread, thou mighty word!
Spread the kingdom of the LORD
Wheresoe'er His breath has given
Life to beings meant for heaven.

The Ministry of Reconciliation.

- 2 Tell them how the FATHER'S will
Made the world, and keeps it still ;
How He sent His SON to save
All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Tell of our Redeemer's love,
Who for ever doth remove
By His holy sacrifice
All the guilt that on us lies.
- 4 Tell them of the SPIRIT given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.
- 5 Word of life, most pure and strong !
Lo for Thee the nations long ;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.
- 6 Up, the ripening fields ye see,
Mighty shall the harvest be,
But the reapers still are few,
Great the work they have to do.
- 7 LORD of harvest ! let there be
Joy and strength to work for Thee,
Till the nations far and near
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.

*Rendered from the German of
Jonathan Frederic Bahnmaier,
1774—1841,
by Catherine Winkworth,
[1858].*

- 1 **H**AIL to the LORD'S Anointed,
Great David's greater SON!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun ;
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls in bondage lying
Were precious in His sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth ;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.
- 4 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing ;

The Ministry of Reconciliation.

To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

- 5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed ;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery,
1771—1854.

8.7.

426

- 1 **L**ORD! a Saviour's love displaying,
Show the pagan lands Thy way ;
Millions still like sheep are straying
In the dark and cloudy day.
- 2 Bring them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea ;
By the word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.
- 3 Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold ;
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the common fold.

Ernest Hawkins,
1802—1868.

The Church of God :

427

L.M.

- 1 “ **L** *ET there be light !* ” thus spake the
Word !—

The Word was GOD, “ *and there was light ;* ”
Still the creative voice is heard,
A day is born from every night ;
And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll :
But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.

- 2 Nor we alone : its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of nature’s sleep ;
The word hath reached the utmost isles,
The SPIRIT moves on yonder deep :
Already from the dust of death
Man in his Maker’s image stands,
Already draws immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.

- 3 From day to day, before our eyes,
Glows and extends the work begun ;
When shall the new creation rise
O’er every land beneath the sun ?
When, in the Sabbath of His love,
Shall GOD from all His labours rest,
And bending from the throne above
Again pronounce His creatures blessed ?

- 4 As sang the morning stars of old,
Shouted the sons of GOD for joy,
His widening reign while we behold
Let praise and prayer our tongues employ ;

The Ministry of Reconciliation.

Till the redeemed, in every clime,
Yea, all that breathe and move and live,
To CHRIST, through every age of time,
The kingdom power and glory give.

**James Montgomery,
1771—1854.*

L.M.

428

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head,
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels, descend with songs again !
And earth, repeat the loud Amen !

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

HYMNS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

429

7.6

- 1 **O** LOVE divine and golden!
Mysterious depth and height!
To Thee the world, beholden,
Looks up for life and light;
O Love divine and gentle!
The Blesser and the blessed!
Beneath Whose care parental,
The world lies down in rest;
- 2 The fields of earth adore Thee,
The forests sing Thy praise,
All living things before Thee
Their holiest anthems raise;
Thou art the joy of gladness!
The life of life Thou art!
The dew of gentle sadness
That droppeth on the heart!
- 3 O Love divine and tender!
That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
Of holy household love;
Good is GOD'S holy pleasure
When, through His bounty, comes,
In overflowing measure,
Its gladness to our homes.

For a Marriage Service.

- 4 GOD bless the hands united,
GOD bless the hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on :
Here, in earth's home, preparing
For the bright home above;
And there, for ever sharing
Its joy, where "*God is love!*"

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

C.M.

430

- 1 ○ CHRIST, the King of human life!
In royal bounty pour
On these Thy servants, man and wife,
Thy blessing evermore.
- 2 On ties of home, in life, in death,
Thy seal divine was set;
Those thirty years at Nazareth
Thou, LORD, rememberest yet!
- 3 And by those holy years, we pray,
To these Thine own be nigh;
Their common life from day to day
Direct and sanctify.
- 4 At Cana's marriage first didst Thou
Thy glory manifest;
O come to be among us now
A wonder-working Guest!

For a Marriage Service.

- 5 Poor weakly elements are ours,
But wealth and might are Thine ;
Rule earthly life by heavenly powers,
The water change to wine !
- 6 And in Thy faith, and in Thy fear,
May these united be ;
True type of the Espousals dear
Between Thy church and Thee.

George Hugh Bourne,
[1864].

431

C.M.

- 1 **W**E ask, with hearts in unison,
A blessing, LORD ! from Thee
On those in that sweet bond made one
Which ne'er may broken be.
- 2 We know that scenes not always bright
Will unto them be given ;
But let there shine o'er all the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.
- 3 Still hand in hand their journey through
Meek pilgrims may they go,
Mingling their joys as help-meets true,
And sharing every woe.
- 4 The Saviour Whom they trust, the same ;
The same, their home above ;
May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love.

For a Meeting of Parents.

- 5 And when the solemn hour shall come
Which severs earthly ties,
May hope rise brightening through the
gloom,
And point to fairer skies !

William Gaskell,
[1837].

L.M.

432

- 1 GREAT FATHER of our spirits ! hear
Our heart's desire, our solemn prayer ;
Help us to whom are children given,
To guide them in the path to heaven.
- 2 May we our holiest duties learn,
And for their highest welfare yearn ;
Nor, while we give them earthly food,
Forget their everlasting good.
- 3 Come, LORD ! in every heart abide ;
Our thoughts control, our actions guide ;
So may our whole life, full of Thee,
Thy power for their salvation be.
- 4 Grant, when the last great day shall come,
And Thou shalt call Thy people home,
We and our children then may be
Found with Thy saints, and owned by
Thee.

For a Meeting of Parents.

433

C.M.

- 1 **H**APPY the home when GOD is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.
- 2 Happy the home where JESUS' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp His fame,
And parents hold Him dear.
- 3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.
- 4 LORD! let us in our homes agree
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to Thee,
And love to all will reign.

Mrs. W—,
[1840].

434

7's.

- 1 **H**EAVENLY FATHER! may Thy love
Rest upon us from above;
Let our children find a place
In the fulness of Thy grace.
- 2 SON of GOD! be with us here,
Listen to our humble prayer;
Let Thy blood on Calvary spilt
Cleanse our children from their guilt.

For a Meeting of Parents.

- 3 HOLY GHOST! to Thee we cry,
Thou our children sanctify;
By Thine own almighty power
Keep them in the evil hour.
- 4 Great JEHOVAH! FATHER, SON,
HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE!
This can come alone from Thee,
Thine shall all the glory be.

C.M.

435

- 1 THE great redeeming Angel, Thee,
O JESUS, we confess!
Do Thou our great Deliverer be,
And all our offspring bless.
- 2 Early discipled to the LORD,
May they be taught of Thee;
And, made to know and trust Thy word,
Wise to salvation be.
- 3 Thou Who hast borne our sins away,
Our children's sins remove;
And bring them through their evil day
To sing Thy praise above.
- 4 Partakers of our nature, make
Partakers of Thy grace;
And then the heirs of glory take
To dwell before Thy face.

Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.

For a Meeting of Parents.

436

C.M.

- 1 FATHER! we for our children plead,
The offspring Thou hast given;
Where shall we go in time of need
But to the GOD of heaven.
- 2 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But in the all-prevailing name
We ask eternal life.
- 3 We seek the SPIRIT'S quickening grace
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before Thy face,
And see Thee as Thou art.

Mrs. J—,
[1834].

437

7.6.

- 1 O LORD! a wondrous story
Our ears have heard of Thee,
How Thou didst leave Thy glory
A little child to be;
And here in lowly station
Didst suffer childhood's woes,
And feel each sharp temptation
Which even childhood knows.
- 2 And, in Thy manhood's meekness
Thy hands were spread to bless
Sweet childhood's smiling weakness,
With many a mild caress;

For a Funeral Service.

Young babes Thy love would cherish,
As on a parent's knee ;
Nor willed that one should perish,
But all should come to Thee.

- 3 Help Thou our weak endeavour
To make Thy gospel known ;
And keep O LORD ! for ever
Our loved ones for Thine own :
Their tempted spirits gather
Beneath Thy sheltering wing ;
Be Thou their Friend and Father,
Their Saviour, Guide, and King !

John Moultrie,
[? 1830].

C.M.

438

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven
proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in JESUS and are blessed,
How kind their slumbers are !
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the LORD ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

For a Funeral Service.

439

7's.

- 1 SAVIOUR! Who from death didst take
Crown and sceptre, strength and sting,
Can Thy people bow and quake
As before a crownèd king?
Can Thy vanquished, captive foe
Bring the hearts that love Thee low?
- 2 Conqueror and King of death!
Captor of captivity!
Ah we tremblers have no faith
In Thy finished victory;
Still for us that sting He bears,
Still for us that crown He wears.
- 3 Stir in us the might of faith,
Light in us the fire of love!
Then will smile Thine angel death,
Opener of the gate above;
Sweet Thy summons then will come,
Gladsome then shall we go home.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

440

P.M.

- 1 THE journey done, the rest begun,
The day of death now ended,
To life above on wings of love
The freed one hath ascended:
What we do weep the CHRIST doth keep,
He died that He might save it;
The body trust we to the dust,
The soul to GOD Who gave it.

For a Funeral Service.

- 2 Our tears must fall at loss of all
That time cannot restore us ;
But to the skies we lift our eyes,
And think of what's before us ;
There safe above, with Him Whose love
For all its want provideth,
The spirit blessed in changeless rest
Of Paradise abideth.
- 3 Your muffled chime, ye bells of time,
Ring out with chastened gladness ;
The happy soul needs not your toll,
As if it dwelt in sadness :
Toll for the dead who, living, tread
Earth's sinful ways, hard-hearted ;
But a bright chime, ye bells of time,
Ring out for CHRIST'S departed.
- 4 Their warfare o'er, now never more
Shall sin or sorrow grieve them ;
Against that day, not far away,
In quiet earth we leave them :
What we do weep the CHRIST doth keep,
He died that He might save it ;
The body trust we to the dust,
The soul to GOD Who gave it.

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

C.M.

441

- 1 **M**AY we not, FATHER ! meetly mourn
O'er our best lovers gone ?
Yes, sometimes for Thy servants yearn
From some great work withdrawn !

B B

For a Funeral Service.

- 2 O mournful memory of love!
O grief not undivine!
O tears the LORD will not reprove,
Whereon the LORD may shine!
- 3 We would not dare their bliss to mourn
Who in the LORD have died;
To wail, as over souls forlorn,
O'er spirits glorified.
- 4 LORD! they have parted in Thy fear:
LORD! they abide in Thee:
LORD! grant us grace their followers here,
Their fellows there, to be.
- 5 To Thee our thanks melodious soar
For every work they wrought;
Thee, Thee most sweetly we adore
For all the joy they brought.
- 6 Their heavenly glory makes us bright,
Their cheer our cheer doth move,
We take a dear divine delight
In their full bliss above.
- 7 Soft, solemn be the strains that tell
Of lovers from us gone;
But, LORD! let sweetest raptures swell
O'er spirits Thou hast won.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

For those at Sea.

L.M.

442

- 1 **N**O longer must the mourners weep,
Nor call departed Christians dead;
For death is hallowed into sleep
And every grave becomes a bed.
- 2 It is not exile, rest on high;
It is not sadness, peace from strife;
To fall asleep is not to die;
To dwell with CHRIST is better life.

**John Mason Neale,
[1851].*

8's.

443

- 1 **E**THERNAL FATHER, strong to save!
Whose arm hath bound the restless
wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O CHRIST! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 O HOLY SPIRIT! who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

For a time of War.

- 4 O TRINITY of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting.
1825—

444

8.6.8.

- 1 **T**HROUGH centuries of sin and woe
Hath streamed the crimson flood,
While man, in concert with the Foe,
Hath shed his brother's blood:
Uplift Thy banner, Prince of peace!
And let the cruel war-cry cease.
- 2 In vain, 'mid clamours loud and rude,
Thy servants seek repose;
See, day by day, the strife renewed,
And brethren turned to foes:
Then lift Thy banner, Prince of peace!
Make wrongs among Thy subjects cease.
- 3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour
Their loud unanswered cry;
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,
And want forgotten lie:
Lift high Thy banner, Prince of peace!
Let hatred die, and love increase.

For a time of War.

- 4 Thy gospel, LORD! is grace and love;
O send it all abroad,
Till every heart submissive prove,
And bless the reigning GOD:
Come, lift Thy banner, Prince of peace!
And give the weary world release.

John Hampden Gurney,
1802—1862.

C.M.

445

- 1 **I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
“*Peace on the earth, good-will to men*
From heaven’s all-gracious King!”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever through its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.
- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long,
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

For a time of War.

And men at war with men hear not
The love-song which they bring :
O, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

4 Fair Prince of peace ! Thou knowest well
This weary world below ;
Thou seest how men climb the way
With painful steps and slow ;
O still the jarring sounds of earth
That round the pathway ring,
And bid the toilers rest awhile
To hear the angels sing !

5 Do Thou the happy days speed on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Her ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears,
1810—

446

L.M.

1 **O** GOD of love, O King of peace !
Make wars throughout the world to
cease ;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O GOD, give peace again !

For a time of War.

- 2 Remember, LORD! Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told,
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O GOD, give peace again!
- 3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O LORD?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O GOD, give peace again!
- 4 Where saints and angels dwell above
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O GOD, give peace again!

**Sir Henry Williams Baker,*
1821—

L.M.

447

- 1 O LORD of Hosts! the earth is Thine;
The nations bow beneath Thy sway;
Thy wisdom, love, and power divine
All things in heaven and earth obey.
- 2 The dearth, the pestilence, the sword,
These Thy most righteous judgments are;
Yet mark not our deservings, LORD!
But lift from us the scourge of war.
- 3 The loftiness of man bow down;
The haughtiness of man make low;
Let all the world Thy greatness own,
And peace return to dwell below.

For a time of War.

- 4 O'er passions fierce and hatred sore
Shed down Thy healing love again ;
Bid angel-choirs sing out once more
 "Peace upon earth, good-will to men."
- 5 O FATHER! teach us brother's love ;
 O Saviour! make us one in Thee ;
O SPIRIT! pour forth from above
 Mercy and peace and unity.

**William Walsham How,
1823—*

448

C.M.

- 1 LORD! while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
 The land we love the most.
- 2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
 And here our kindred dwell,
Our children too; how should we love
 Another land so well!
- 3 O guard our shores from every foe,
 With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 4 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and Thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
 The songs of liberty.

For a National Thanksgiving.

- 5 Here may religion undefiled
 Upon our Sabbaths smile;
 And righteousness with mercy reign,
 And bless our native isle.
- 6 LORD of the nations! thus to Thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,
 Her everlasting Friend.

John Reynell Wreford.
[1837].

C.M.

449

- 1 SHINE, mighty God! on England shine
 With beams of heavenly grace;
 Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
 And show Thy smiling face.
- 2 Amidst our isle, exalted high,
 Do Thou our glory stand,
 And like a wall of guardian fire
 Surround the favoured land.
- 3 When shall Thy name, from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad;
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their GOD.
- 4 Sing to the LORD, ye distant lands,
 Sing loud, with solemn voice;
 While English tongues exalt His praise,
 And English hearts rejoice.

For a National Thanksgiving.

- 5 He, the great LORD, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase ;
Our GOD will crown His chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 GOD the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

450

8.7.

- 1 **L**ORD! from Thee what grace and glory
Hath Thy people England won!
Marvels make divine her story,
Marvels which the LORD hath done.
- 2 Thou from lowly plight hast brought her
Unto sovereign sway and state ;
Thou Thy holiest lore hast taught her,
Thou hast given Thy gifts most great.
- 3 From of old Thy gifts were given,
Grace with Thee she early found ;
Ages roll, and earth is riven,
Still Thine England sitteth crowned.

For a National Thanksgiving.

- 4 Best belovèd of the nations,
Freedom first she won from Thee;
Grows the grace with generations,
Our unending liberty.
- 5 When Thy word should be unsealèd,
When Thy grace some new birth meant,
Here the joy was first revealèd,
Here the darkness first was rent.
- 6 Still the land beloved Thou lendest
Of Thy radiancy most bright;
Thine own cause Thou still commendest
To her majesty and might.
- 7 LORD! Thy people England's story
Speaks of Thee full loud and clear;
Lift Thy people England's glory
Still unto Thine own more near.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

L.M.

45I

- 1 **T**O realms beyond the sounding sea
Thy hand has led our sons afar;
LORD! give them grace to live for Thee,
Be still their shield and guiding star.
- 2 Bless with success their daily toils,
Strength for each hour's demands impart;
With fruitful seasons, genial soils,
O give a grateful, trusting heart!

For a National Thanksgiving.

- 3 Though exiled from the fatherland,
 Its hallowed homes of praise and prayer,
 May they on yonder distant strand
 A house for GOD with gladness rear.
- 4 There make the places of Thy feet
 Most glorious, there Thy grace display ;
 That myriads thence Thy smile may greet,
 When earth and heaven have passed away.

H— *Mayo Gunn*,
[1859].

452

L.M.

- 1 **W**E triumph in the glorious grace
 That set us in this English land,
 And welcome the high earthly place
 Wherein our GOD hath made us stand.
- 2 But O! to us a grace more great,
 A dignity more dear, is given ;
 He links us to a nobler state,
 He makes us citizens of heaven.
- 3 Yes, mightily our hearts are bound
 This goodly fatherland to love ;
 But more our own Emmanuel's ground,
 That better, dearer land above.
- 4 Her glorious freedom, how complete !
 How absolute His holy will !
 What tasks divine, what tribute sweet
 Her spirits bring, her hands fulfil !

For a National Thanksgiving.

- 5 These storms, our peace they may not overwhelm;
They cannot reach our true abode:
O sweetness of that upper realm!
O peaceful city of our GOD!
- 6 Joy! joy! our King doth never die;
Our city doth for ever stand;
We serve the eternal Majesty,
And hold the heavenly fatherland.

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

7's.

453

- 1 **H**OURS, and days, and months, and
years,
Come and go, arise and fall,
Gains and losses, smiles and tears
Freely scattered through them all;
O my Saviour! let them be
Radiant with Thy life divine,
Spent in better serving Thee
And becoming wholly Thine.
- 2 For the blessèd years gone by,
And the joys which winged their flight,
For the blessèd hopes on high
Making all the future bright;

The New Year.

For the Stay and Strength Thou art,
Ever wast and still shalt be,
O my Saviour! let this heart
Ring its joy-bells out to Thee.

- 3 Let the memory of the past
Shed its glow on years to come,
Yield its wisdom, and at last
Light my wandering footsteps home;
O my Saviour! with Thy blood
Sprinkle all my future days,
Make them holy, keep them good,
Fill them with Thine endless praise.

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

454

C.M.

- 1 **B**REAK, new-born year, on glad eyes
break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling time! thou can'st not make
The FATHER cease to love.
- 2 The parted year had wingèd feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The new year comes; but, SPIRIT sweet!
Thou goest not away.
- 3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, LORD! Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.

The New Year.

- 4 LORD! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight;
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!
- 5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel-wings
If Thou wouldst take us home.
- 6 O! golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, LORD! with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

*Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—

7.5.

455

- 1 FATHER! let me dedicate
All this year to Thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have me be;
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare I claim;
This alone shall be my prayer,
“*Glorify Thy Name!*”
- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a FATHER’S love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy Name.

The New Year.

3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
 Joys that yet are mine;
 If on life serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may shine;
 Let my glad heart while it sings
 Thee in all proclaim,
 And whate'er the future brings,
 Glorify Thy Name.

4 If thou callest to the cross,
 And its shadow come
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home;
 Let me think how Thy dear SON
 To His glory came,
 And in deepest woe pray on,
 "Glorify Thy Name!"

**Lawrence Tuttielt,
1825—*

456

8.7.

- 1 **A**T Thy feet, our GOD and FATHER,
 Who hath blessed us all our days!
 We with grateful hearts would gather,
 To begin the year with praise;
 Praise for light so brightly shining
 On our steps from heaven above;
 Praise for mercies daily twining
 Round us golden cords of love.
- 2 JESUS! for Thy love most tender
 On the cross for sinners shown,
 We would praise Thee, and surrender
 All our hearts to be Thine own;

The New Year.

With so blessed a Friend provided
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

- 3 Every day will be the brighter
When Thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter
When we know it comes from Thee:
Spread Thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till Thy glory breaks before us
Through the city's open gate.

James Drummond Burns,
1823—1864.

8.7.

457

- 1 **S**ING we, brethren faithful-hearted,
Lift the solemn voice again
O'er another year departed
Of our threescore years and ten!
- 2 Lo! a theme for deepest sadness,
In ourselves with sin defiled;
Lo! a theme for holiest gladness,
In our FATHER reconciled!
- 3 In the dust we bend before Thee,
LORD of sinless hosts above!
Yet in lowliest joy adore Thee,
GOD of mercy, grace, and love!
- 4 Gracious Saviour! Thou hast lengthened
And hast blessed our mortal span,
And in our weak hearts hast strengthened
What Thy grace alone began!

The New Year.

- 5 Still when danger shall betide us
Be Thy warning whisper heard;
Keep us at Thy feet, and guide us
By Thy SPIRIT and Thy word!
- 6 Let Thy favour and Thy blessing
Crown the year we now begin;
Let us all, Thy strength possessing,
Grow in grace, and vanquish sin.
- 7 Storms are round us, hearts are quailing,
Signs in heaven and earth and sea;
But when heaven and earth are failing,
Saviour, we will trust in Thee!

**Henry Duntton,
[1851].*

458

C.M.

- 1 **G**OD of our life! Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound;
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.
- 2 In every scene of life, Thy care,
In every age, we see;
And constant as Thy favours are
So let our praises be.
- 3 Still may Thy love in every scene,
In every age, appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

The New Year.

- 4 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee!
- 5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to GOD;
And in affliction I will sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

Ottiwell Heginbotham,
1744—1768.

8.6.

459

- 1 **A**NOTHER year is fled; renew,
LORD, with our days Thy love!
Our days are evil here and few;
We look to live above:
We will not grieve, though day by day
We pass from earthly joys away;
Our joy abides in Thee.
- 2 Yet when our sins we call to mind,
We cannot fail to grieve;
But Thou art pitiful and kind,
And wilt our prayer receive:
O JESUS, evermore the same!
Our hope we rest upon Thy name;
Our hope abides in Thee.
- 3 For all the future, LORD! prepare
Our souls with strength divine;
Help us to cast on Thee our care,
And on Thy servants shine:
Life without Thee is dark and drear;
Death is not death if Thou art near;
Our life abides in Thee.

**Arthur Tozer Russell,*
1806—

- 1 **T**HE glory of the spring how sweet!
The new-born life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new bright raiment clad;
- 2 Divine Renewer! Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth;
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.
- 3 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine!
- 4 These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blessed,
These faithless hearts made true;
- 5 This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!
- 6 Creator SPIRIT, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine!
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine!
- 7 Grant me the grace of the new birth,
The joy of the new song!
The vernal bloom, the vernal mirth
In my new heart prolong!

Spring-time.

- 8 Still let new life and strength up-spring,
Still let new joy be given!
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven!

*Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—

C.M.

461

- 1 **T**HE spring-tide hour brings leaf and
flower,
With songs of life and love;
And sweetest lays last through the days
In every leafy grove:
Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.
- 2 Dews fall apace, the dews of grace,
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine delights to shine
Upon the waste within:
Yet year by year fruits, flowers appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.
- 3 **L**ORD! let Thy love fresh from above
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow;

Summer.

And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
LORD! teach this heart to bear its part,
And join the praise of spring.

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

462

L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the hours! at this fair time,
That crowns Thy summer's genial
prime,
For flower and fruit and waving plain
We bless Thy liberal hand again.
- 2 Nor thanks for food alone are due,
But for all wealth of form and hue;
Bright world of sense, where thought may
trace
The fashion of the holiest place.
- 3 O, ne'er let reason's fond disdain
Account Thy gift of beauty vain;
Nor days of summer past us stream
All unennobled, like a dream.
- 4 The deep-leaved woods our sight may bless
With a green glimpse of perfectness;
The cloudless west, blue, violet, gold,
A sinless harmony unfold.
- 5 In broom and hyacinth and rose
The shadow of Thy vesture glows,
And swelling rind and corn-sheath riven
Fore-shew the nobler fruits of heaven,

Autumn. (Harvest-home.)

- 6 Yet lest Thy gift an idol be,
O may Thy SPIRIT ours make free,
Still calling toward the eternal sphere
By eye not seen, not heard by ear.
- 7 Nor let us gaze the seasons through,
Careless Thy graver tasks to do ;
Sky, field, and wave, be only sweet
As work and contemplation meet.
- 8 Thy human plants with summer-sway
So ripen toward the ingathering-day !
Then, death's transforming winter o'er,
To new nor mortal growth restore !

**Charles Walter Moule,
[1867].*

P.M.

463

- 1 **W**E plough the fields and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By GOD's almighty hand ;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sun-shine,
And soft refreshing rain :
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the LORD, O thank the LORD,
For all His love !
- 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far ;
He paints the way-side flower,
He lights the evening star ;

Autumn. (Harvest-home.)

The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us His children
He giveth daily bread :
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the LORD, O thank the LORD,
For all His love!

3 We thank Thee then O FATHER !
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble thankful hearts :
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the LORD, O thank the LORD,
For all His love!

*Rendered from the German of
Matthias Claudius,*
[1782].

by Miss F—— M—— Campbell,
[1861].

464

7.6.

1 SING to the LORD of bounty,
Sing songs of love and praise !
With joyful hearts and voices
Your hallelujahs raise ;

Autumn. (Harvest-home.)

By Him the rolling seasons
In fruitful order move,
For seed-time and for harvest
Sing songs of happy love.

2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing;
He filleth with His fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 To Him be consecrated
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save;
With hearts laid down before Him
We at His foot-stool fall,
And with our lives adore Him
Who is the Life of all.

4 To GOD, the gracious FATHER,
In Whom we live and move;
To CHRIST, the dear Redeemer,
Whose life in us is love;
And to the HOLY SPIRIT,
Who doth upon us pour
His blessed dew and sun-shine,
Be praise for evermore!

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

Autumn. (Harvest-home.)

465

L.M.

- 1 GREAT GOD! as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.
- 2 The harvest-song would we repeat,
Thou givest us the finest wheat!
The joys of harvest we have known;
The praise, O LORD! is all Thine own.
- 3 Our tables spread, our garner's stored,
O give us hearts to bless Thee, LORD!
Forbid it Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove!
- 4 Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low;
- 5 That so when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy glad home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

Edmund Butcher,
1757—1822.

466

7's.

- 1 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin;

Autumn.

GOD, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come, to GOD'S own temple come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !

- 2 We ourselves are GOD'S own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear ;
LORD of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be !

- 3 For the LORD our GOD shall come,
And shall take His harvest home ;
From this field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

**Henry Alford,
1810—1871.*

7.6.

467

- 1 **T**HE year is swiftly waning,
The summer days are past ;
And life, brief life, is speeding ;
The end is nearing fast.
- 2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go ;
But Thou, eternal FATHER !
No time or change canst know

Winter.

- 3 O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sun-shine,
And sorrows like the rain,
- 4 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

**William Walsham How,*
1823—

468

7's.

- 1 **S**UNNY days are past and gone;
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward, onward, every one
Swifter speeding than the last.
- 2 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh;
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.
- 3 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.
- 4 So, LORD! after slumber blessed
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading spring.

William Walsham How
1823—

The Ending of the Year.

L.M.

469

- 1 **A** NOTHER year, another year,
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning :
- 2 But graven as with iron pen,
All-seeing GOD ! Thy records stand,
All thoughts, and words, and deeds of men,
Unnumbered as the ocean sand.
- 3 For all Thy grace, and patient love,
Unwearied still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joys above,
We laud and bless Thy holy name.
- 4 We bless Thee for each happy soul,
Throughout another fleeting year,
Or by Thy quickening grace made whole,
Or parted in Thy faith and fear.
- 5 Still bear with us, and bless us still,
And long as in this world we stay,
O let us love Thy perfect will,
And keep the strait and heaven-ward way.
- 6 So, when the rolling stream of time
Hath opened to a boundless sea,
Loud shall we raise that song sublime—
All honour, glory, praise to Thee !

**Henry Downton,*
[1843].

The Ending of the Year.

470

L.M.

- 1 **T**HE year is gone beyond recall;
'Tis gone with all its hopes and fears,
With all its joy and gladdening smiles,
With all its trouble sighs and tears.
- 2 We thank Thee, LORD! for countless gifts
From Thy most bounteous hand received;
We pray for stedfast hearts to keep
The faith which saints of old believed.
- 3 We ask Thy goodness once again
With daily bread our homes to bless;
To guard the land from pestilence,
And give us peace and plenteousness.
- 4 Forgive Thy people's many sins,
The growth of wickedness restrain;
And help us so with self to strive
That we the crown of life may gain.
- 5 We hate the sins that stain the past;
We would henceforth from them be free;
O grant us peaceful years, good LORD!
And grace to spend them all to Thee.
- 6 Cause Thou Thy face to shine on us;
For ever look on us in love;
That we may praise Thee year by year,
In song as angels sing above.

*Rendered from the Latin
by Francis Pott,
[? 1861].*

The Ending of the Year.

7's.

471

- 1 **F**OR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
FATHER, and Redeemer, hear!
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay!
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way!
- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O GOD!
Comfort Thou his dying head.
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own;
Help, O help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown:
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee, the only Potentate,
LORD of lords, and King of kings!

**Henry Downton,
[1851].*

8.7.

472

- 1 **D**AYS and years are left behind us,
But, while seasons come and go,
None can leave us as they find us,
Worse or better we must grow.

The Ending of the Year.

- 2 Like the trees still wider spreading
Laden boughs and thirsting roots,
All the life we now are leading
Fosters sweet or bitter fruits.
- 3 Should the spring in vain incite us
Now to sow the precious seed,
How shall harvest e'er requite us
But with fields of thorn and weed?
- 4 Let Thy grace, O LORD! be given,
That by all we hear and see
We may grow more rich for heaven,
More prepared to dwell with Thee.

473

8.7.

- 1 **A**LL around the gracious seasons
Breathe of heaven, of grace remind,
Whispering unto faith such reasons
As in nature's book they find.
- 2 Gloomy winter comes, and teaches
Unto all its tale of death;
Spring the resurrection preaches
With its life-reviving breath.
- 3 Summer-bloom with glorious promise
Tells of manhood's opening day;
Autumn comes, to gather from us
Golden harvests on life's way.
- 4 GOD is all about us, guiding
Day by day His perfect plan;
Ever unperceived, providing
For the thousand wants of man.

The Ending of the Year.

- 5 GOD is over, GOD is under,
GOD is all around our way;
Deeds of mercy, works of wonder,
Wait upon us day by day.
- 6 Wheresoe'er our foot-steps wander
Grace and nature teach His love,
Guide us here, and lift us yonder
Where He dwells in light above.

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell.*
1811—1875.

THE LIFE OF MAN:
DEATH:
TIME AND ETERNITY.

C.M.

474

- 1 **T**IME, what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

D D

Our mortal Life :

- 3 Yet, mighty GOD! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet with the bounties of Thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 4 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed by love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 5 His goodness runs an endless round,
All glory to the LORD!
His mercy never knows a bound,
And be His name adored.
- 6 Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes
Let the next age Thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

475

7.6.

- 1 **A**S flows the rapid river
Through channel broad and free,
Its waters rippling ever,
And hastening to the sea;
So life is onward flowing,
And days of offered peace,
And man is swiftly going
Where calls of mercy cease.

Mutable and Evanescent.

- 2 As moons are ever waning ;
As hastes the sun away ;
As stormy winds complaining
Bring on the wintry day ;
So fast the night comes o'er us,
The darkness of the grave ;
And death is just before us,
GOD takes the life He gave.
- 3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
Laid up in worlds above ?
And is it all thy pleasure
Thy GOD to praise and love ?
Beware, lest death's dark river
Its billows o'er thee roll,
And thou lament for ever
The ruin of thy soul.

Samuel F—— Smith,
[? 1843].

C.M.

476

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name !
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase,
And every beating pulse we tell
Still leaves the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

Our mortal Life :

- 4 Great GOD, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Waken, O LORD! our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence
May they be found with GOD.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

477

S.M.

1. **T**O-MORROW, LORD! is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine almighty power
The agèd and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

Mutable and Evanescent.

- 5 To JESUS may we fly
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

**Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751.*

C.M.

478

- 1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.
- 2 Soon are those earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find it gone.
- 3 But there are joys which cannot die,
With GOD laid up in store,
Treasure beyond the changing sky,
More bright than golden ore.
- 4 To *that* my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest;
And glories in such wide desires
Of all their wish possessed.
- 5 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To lasting harvests grow.

*Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751.*

- 1 **A** FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb.
- 2 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.
- 3 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.
- 4 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
 The eternal sabbath-day.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again
Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign.
- 6 Then, O my LORD! prepare
 My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away!

Man Mortal and Immortal.

C.M.

480

- 1 **A**DORE, my soul, that awful Name
To which the angels bow;
By which the worlds from nothing came,
The heaven of heavens, and Thou.
- 2 The GOD Who sits enthroned above,
Thy breath of life has given;
His voice in thunder and in love,
Calls thee from earth to heaven.
- 3 This speck of earth is not thy home,
Nor mortal joys thine end;
Beyond the star y-spangled dome
Thy boundless views extend.
- 4 Place thou thy joy and hope in GOD;
Cast self and sin away;
Pursue the path thy Saviour trod,
And rise to endless day.

Sir James Edward Smith,
1759—1828.

S.M.

481

- 1 **Y**E servants of the LORD,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Man Mortal and Immortal.

- 3 “*Watch!*” ’tis your LORD’S command,
 And while we speak He’s near;
 Mark the first signal of His hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
 In such a posture found!
 He shall his LORD with rapture see,
 And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
 With His own royal hand,
 And raise that faithful servant’s head
 Amidst the angelic band.

*Philip Doddridge,
1702—1751.

482

L.M.

- 1 GOD of eternity! from Thee
 Did infant time its being draw;
 Moments and days, and months and years,
 Revolve by Thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away;
 Steady and strong the current flows
 Lost in eternity’s wide sea,
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
 Before the rapid stream are borne
 On to that everlasting home
 Whence not one soul can e’er return.

The Valley of the Shadow of Death.

- 4 Great Source of wisdom ! teach my heart
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

**Philip Doddridge,*
1702—1751.

L.M.

483

- 1 I CANNOT shun the stroke of death ;
LORD ! help me to surmount the fear,
That when I must resign my breath
Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart ;
In me let every sin be slain ;
From secret faults, LORD ! cleanse my heart,
From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my GOD ! with holy zeal
Closely the ends of life pursue,
Seek Thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honour Thee in all I do.
- 4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie
Where in Thy light I light shall see ;
The soul may freely dare to die
That longs to be possessed of Thee.
- 5 Say Thou art mine, and chase the gloom
Thick-hanging o'er the vale of death ;
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

Simon Browne,
1680—1732.

The Valley of the Shadow of Death.

484

7's.

- 1 **A**T evening time when day is done,
Life's little day anear its close,
And all the glare and heat are gone,
And gentle dews fore-tell repose;
To crown my faith before the night
At evening time let there be light.
- 2 At evening time when labour's past,
Though storms and toils have marred my
day
Mercy has tempered every blast,
And love and hope have cheered the way;
Now let the parting hour be bright,
At evening time let there be light.
- 3 **G**OD *doth* send light at evening time,
And bid the fears, the doubtings flee;
I trust His promises sublime,
His glory now is risen on me,
His full salvation is in sight;
At evening time there now is light.

George Rawson,
[1853].

485

6.4.

- 1 **L**OWLY and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
FATHER divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine.

Death and Resurrection.

- 2 O FATHER! in that hour
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow,
When spear and shield and crown
In faintness are cast down,
Sustain us, Thou!
- 3 By Him Who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod!
From Whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away;
Aid us, O GOD!
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave
We call on Thee to save,
FATHER divine!
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death
Thine, only Thine.

**Felicia Dorothea Hemans,
1794—1835.*

6.8.

486

- 1 MY life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline;
My LORD is Life, He'll raise
My dust again, even mine.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

Death and Resurrection.

- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My earth, till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 3 My LORD His angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound,
At Whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 4 I said sometimes with tears,
Ah me! I'm loth to die!
LORD! silence Thou these fears;
My life's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
Not from my Life I part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

Samuel Crossman,
[1664].

487

L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN JESUS came to earth of old
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature poor and low.

The Day of Judgment.

- 2 But when He cometh back once more
There shall be set the great white throne,
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.
- 3 O SON of GOD, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O SON of man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed!
- 4 Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, O teach us by Thy grace
To struggle onward into light.
- 5 And since in GOD'S recording book
Our sins are written every one—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew and left undone;
- 6 LORD! ere the last dread trumpet sound,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.
- 7 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment save.
- 8 And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home;
Till from our hearts we learn to say,
"*Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come!*"

Cecil Frances Alexander.
[? 1858].

The Day of Judgment.

488

8.6.

- 1 **O** GOD, mine inmost soul convert !
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
To tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day
When Thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, LORD ! shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Saviour ! then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love !

**Charles Wesley,
1708—1788.*

The Day of Judgment.

P.M.

489

- 1 GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

*Rendered from the German of
Bartholomew Ringwald,
1530—1598.*

- 2 The dead in CHRIST are first to rise
And greet the archangel's warning,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
On this auspicious morning;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.
- 3 Shall I bear those dread thunderings,
And stand at His appearing?
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing;
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

*Added by William Bengo Collyer,
[1812].*

S.M

490

- 1 THOU Judge of quick and dead!
Before Whose bar severe
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;

The Day of Judgment.

Our wakened souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power
Thou shalt from heaven come down,
The immortal SON of man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy FATHER'S dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.

3 To chasten earthly joys,
To quicken holy fears,
For ever let the archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;
The solemn midnight cry—
Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And hear your instant doom!

4 O may we thus be found
Obedient to His word,
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our LORD;
O may we thus ensure
A lot among the blessed,
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

**Charles Wesley,*
1708—1788.

- 1 **T**HE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sun-set sky,
How fast they fade away!
O for the pearly gates of heaven!
O for the golden floor!
O for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!
- 2 The highest hopes we cherish here
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!
- 3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O, by Thy love and anguish, LORD!
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances Alexander.
[1853].

Life and Immortality.

492

10's.

- 1 **W**EARY of warfare, striving against
sin,
I look to heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet a well-known voice is saying,
"Come!"
- 2 Conscious of guilt, how dare I hope to stand
With all the blessèd at the LAMB'S right
hand?
Before the whiteness of His throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw
me near.
- 3 It is the voice of JESUS that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me
near;
And His the blood that did for sin atone,
And He my Advocate before the throne.
- 4 O JESUS CHRIST the Righteous! live in me,
That when in glory I Thy face shall see
Within the FATHER'S house, my glorious
dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness!
- 5 Then Thou wilt welcome me, O righteous
LORD!
Thine all the merit, mine the great reward;
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid
down,
Thine the thorn-plaited, mine the golden
crown.

Samuel John Stone,
[1865].

- 1 **W**E walk on earth, and to its ways
Our time and thoughts are given;
Yet, amid all its busiest days,
Our hearts may be in heaven.
- 2 Nothing so lightens the dull load
Life's urgent claims impose,
As close communion with our GOD;
It is our best repose.
- 3 When vexed with ills, which we despair
To baffle or control,
The lifting of the heart in prayer
Sheds sun-shine on the soul.
- 4 When, wearied with life's ebb and flow,
We for "*still waters*" sigh;
O how it sweetens change below
To think of rest on high!
- 5 Dark clouds may o'er us threatening stand,
We can sing on, and smile;
The sun-shine of the sunless land
Lies round us all the while.
- 6 We can bear any cross or grief,
If with its gloom be given
This one sweet secret of relief,
To keep our thoughts in heaven.

*John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.

Life and Immortality.

494

C.M.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the LAMB,
Their triumph to His death.
- 4 They marked the foot-steps that He trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast),
And, following their incarnate GOD,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For His own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

**Isaac Watts,
1674—1748.*

495

C.M.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Heaven.

- 2 Fair, distant land ; could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains,
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair,
For sin the source of mortal woe
Can never enter there.
- 5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray,
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads ever-lasting day.
- 6 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above !

**Anne Steele,*
1716—1778.

7's.

496

- 1 **H**IGHER ! higher to aspire !
That is all my soul's desire ;
Nearer to the light and love
In which saints and angels move ;
To perfection nigher, nigher
To my Saviour, higher ! higher !

Life and Immortality.

- 2 Higher! higher! every thought
More into His presence brought!
Less of self from hour to hour,
More of faith's transforming power;
Yearnings heaven-ward that aspire
Unto JESUS, higher! higher!
- 3 Higher! higher! till at length
Passing on from strength to strength,
Pressing up from grace to grace,
I behold that longed-for face,
Which doth into light retire
But to lead me higher! higher!
- 4 Higher! higher! LORD! the fire
Of my full and strong desire,
Though by earth-winds tossed and driven,
Ever let it point to heaven,
Never, never to expire
Till it lift me higher! higher!

**John Samuel Bewley Monsell,
1811—1875.*

497

C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There ever-lasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Heaven.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeckoned eyes;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the land-scape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

**Isaac Watts,*
1674—1748.

C.M.

498.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Life and Immortality.

- 3 O when, thou city of my GOD!
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end;
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy
scenes
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day,
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in CHRIST below
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

*Founded [1801] on a rendering
by F. B. P.,
[1616],
of a Latin hymn of the
8th century.*

499

C.M.

- 1 THE happy fields, the heavenly host,
The realm of rest above,
Do make us gladsome, LORD! but most
The Holy Land we love.

Heaven.

- 2 O, bright those golden gates must shine
That let no evil in!
That boundless region how divine
That hath no room for sin!
- 3 Sweet Holy Land! sweet with the throng
Of souls divinely pure,
Where, holy happy ones among,
Thy pilgrims smile secure;
- 4 No more to weep o'er lustre lent,
O'er grace outpoured in vain;
No more in anguish to repent
And then offend again!
- 5 But gloriously to spend that grace
They boundlessly receive,
Nor once Thine image to deface,
Nor once Thy SPIRIT grieve!
- 6 O, here Thy servants soon give o'er,
But half Thy work fulfil;
How faint their zeal! their strife how sore
To climb the heavenly hill!
- 7 But there upon Thine errands sweet
With what glad speed they run!
What smiling service! how complete
The work divinely done!
- 8 Still, LORD! with sorrow and with sin
Wars here Thy pilgrim-band;
Yet blessed the warfare that shall win
Thy heaven, our Holy Land!

**Thomas Hornblower Gill,
1819—*

Heaven.

500

C.M.

1 **T**HE waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

2 There, to fulfil His sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move,
No sin shall clog our wingèd zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

3 There shall we sit, and sing and tell
The wonders of His grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

4 For ever His dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And JESUS and salvation be
The close of every song.

**Isaac Watts*
1674—1748.

ERRATA.

Hymn No. 82—Metre	.	.	for 6.6.8.	read 6.6.10.
" " 140—	"	.	" 8.6.8.	" 8's.
" " 171—	"	.	" 6.8.	" 7.5.8.
" " 212—Author's name	"		Harriett	" Harriet
" " 344—Metre	.	.	" 7.4.	" 7.3.
" " 484—	"	.	" 7's.	" 8's.

BIRMINGHAM :
GEO. JONES AND SON, TOWN HALL STEAM PRINTING OFFICES,
CONGREVE STREET.



